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By

ALDEN H. CLARK

NEW AND REVISED EDITION

MISSIONARY EDUCATION MOVEMENT
OF THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA
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ALDEN H. CLARK, born in Minneapolis, was graduated from Amherst College in 1900, taking a B.D. degree from Union Theological Seminary and an A.M. from Columbia University in 1904, and receiving the degree of D.D. from Amherst College in 1925. Since 1904 Dr. Clark has been a missionary. He was principal of the Union Training College for Christian Teachers at Ahmednagar, India, for ten years (1908-1918), and has recently been principal of the United Theological College in the same city. During his career he has carried responsibilities for district and church work of many sorts, and for two years was located in Bombay, where he founded the Nagpada Neighborhood House. Dr. Clark was for a time the English editor of a Christian weekly in India, and is the author of several books in English and in Marathi. His most recent book, *The Social Dynamic of Jesus*, is based on lectures delivered before English-speaking audiences in various Indian cities. At present he is a secretary of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions.

The cover design by Margaret Ayer shows one of the six marble elephants with ceremonial trappings that stand on the buttresses of the Jai Samand Dam in Rajputana, a structure dating from the seventeenth century. The sculptor depicted the great beasts trumpeting to the rising sun.

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OF THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA

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To the three children
who shared in the experiences
and helped in the writing
of this book

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PREFACE TO NEW AND REVISED EDITION

I AM gratified that, eight years after its original publication, there is a demand for a revised edition of this book. Rapid developments have taken place during these years, not only in India's political thinking and activity but also in other aspects of her life. The Christian community of India, five million strong, is sharing in the national ferment. It is coming to self-consciousness and is taking its place in the life of the land. In revising the book, while retaining all that seemed to have abiding interest, I have sought to give recognition to the movements of these eventful eight years. The last few sentences of the original preface seem to me to be more clearly true now than when they were first written. In the light of recent events in India, her need of Christ and her responsiveness to Christ's influence stand out in bold relief and make an irresistible appeal to Christians everywhere.

ALDEN H. CLARK

Boston
February, 1930

PREFACE TO ORIGINAL EDITION

As a high school boy I heard a vivid account of the needs of mission lands. It appealed to me so strongly that I decided to go out as a missionary and began to try to fit my very lively and not over-pious self for the great life-work which I had dared to choose. Real missionary life and work in India proved far more interesting and more significant than I had anticipated. This little book is an expression of my enjoyment of the privilege of being a missionary. It is an attempt to pass on to others something of the attraction and appeal which India has for me.

Perhaps I should call attention to the fact that in two chapters, the third and the fifth, I have used the story form, as that seems the most effective way of presenting the situation. Appaji and Tevan are not actual persons, but they represent respectively the experiences of some of the middle class families of India and of the criminal tribes.

The writing of this book has been made pleasant by the ready and able cooperation of Mr. Franklin D. Cogswell of the Missionary Education Movement. I owe a great debt also to Miss Mabel E. Emerson and Miss Ruth I. Seabury, both experts in missionary education, who have given advice and help freely at every stage of the work. I shall not attempt to name here the books which I have used, neither can I mention the many letters and other private sources which have been placed at my disposal. We are fortunate in having many interesting recent books about India, yet no publication on modern India can long remain up to date. Before the print is dry on its pages, some of its statements may need to be modified, so quickly are events marching in fast-changing India.

National feelings and prejudices are running high in the Orient. It is no easy task to which India calls us, but it is a great task—the greatest in the world. We are aiming at nothing less than to make Christian brotherhood the dominating principle in the surging life of one of the world's greatest peoples. The heart of India responds with wonderful completeness to the appeal of Christ when that appeal really reaches her heart. No other land has a greater contribution to make to the world than Christian India. And today India is choosing her future path. Shall it be one of turmoil and chaos, or shall it be one of development and worldwide helpfulness? It seems probable that the next thirty years will largely give the answer to this question. Never before did India so clearly need the spirit of Christ. Never before was her missionary appeal to America so great.

ALDEN H. CLARK

Boston, 1922

INDIA ON THE MARCH

". . . If you've 'eard the East a-callin',
why, you won't 'eed nothin' else."
No! you won't 'eed nothin' else
But them spicy garlic smells,
An' the sunshine an' the palm trees
An' the tinkly temple bells!

—*Rudyard Kipling*

I. THE WONDERLAND

"This is India, the land of dreams and of romance, of fabulous wealth, of fabulous poverty, of splendor and of rags, of palaces and hovels, of tigers and elephants. Cradle of the human race, birthplace of human speech; mother of religion, grandmother of history, great-grandmother of tradition. The land of a hundred nations and of a hundred tongues; of a thousand religions and of three million gods, and she worships them all. All other countries in religion are paupers; India is the only millionaire. The one sole land under the sun that is endowed with an imperishable interest for all men, rich and poor, bond and free, alien prince and alien peasant; all men want to see India, and having seen it once even by a glimpse, would not give up that glimpse for all the rest of the shows of the earth combined."

So says Mark Twain in *Following the Equator.*[1] I invite you to come with me and see for yourselves this wonderland of India. Who could refuse a chance to do anything so fascinating? There is always room for several more in our bungalows, or on the verandas, and we shall be delighted to see you and show you the real India—and hear from you the latest word of America. Heat and hardship? Oh, yes, I suppose so. Have you ever heard of anything that was really worth doing when there wasn't a certain amount of "heat and hardship" to be endured?

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[1] Vol. 2, Chap. II. Quoted by permission of Estate of Samuel L. Clemens, the Mark Twain Company, and Harper & Brothers.

The best time for the trip is during the cold season, say in December or January. Then, if the rains have not failed, the river valleys and great upland fields will be covered with waving grain—millet and sorghum, wheat and rice and sugar-cane. At this time, too, the climate is ideally cool. Yes, cool! Perhaps when we go to some northern hill station we shall have a snowstorm and a snowball fight. Even down on the plains we may some day find a little ice on the water in the early morning, so bring a fairly warm coat along with you.

There are several good steamship lines by which you can travel from England or from the Continent. Second class will be comfortable and is far less stiff and formal than first. You will find English captains and majors and government officials going second with you on their way back to their jobs. Here there will be a foretaste of what is to come, when these people tell you some of their tiger stories, or you converse with your very courteous Indian fellow-passengers, or the barefooted Indian table steward with silent steps brings you an Indian curry.

As you slowly steam into Bombay's mighty harbor you will take in the tropical beauties of islet and shore and the array of mountains that lie back of the long, narrow island, yet I think you will look with keenest interest at the tall buildings and smoking factory chimneys of this great modern city. We shall be awaiting you, but shall not expect to receive much attention when you first come ashore. You have seen plenty like us before, while all around you on the great wharf, some shouting, some laughing, some moving with stately tread, are such folk as you have never seen.

The show that has the center of the stage at first is the landing of a native prince who was a fellow-passenger of yours. He is a maharajah, or "great king," and holds personal sway in true Oriental style over a principality as big as New England. Soon a salute of twenty-one guns in his honor will boom out from the fort. He is the first to step down the gang-plank and is greeted by a group of European officials, some in ordinary civilian costume, but one, at least—a police officer—in pure white, standing stiff and straight. It looks as if he himself must have been starched and ironed in the suit he wears. But it is the maharajah's retainers, drawn up to receive him, who attract most of your attention. With their strange curved swords and their gorgeous gold-fringed turbans, they are like a picture out of the *Arabian Nights.*

However, even the picturesque costumes and ancient accoutrements of the maharajah's men cannot hold your eye long in that crowd. A group of men and women waving to a passenger who is about to come ashore attract your attention. Their complexion is light, their features are regular. Some of the men have on long black coats and queer stiff shiny hats like stovepipes which have been chopped off on a slant. The women wear beautiful embroidered silk *saris,*[1] and do not seem at all troubled, as most Indian women would be, by being seen in the jostling crowd. They are Parsis, Persian fire-worshipers whose ancestors came to India centuries ago. The men are for the most part successful merchants of Bombay and other Indian cities. They seem three-quarters European, yet they are very much at home in India. A fellow-passenger has told you that this particular Parsi is a multimillionaire, a member of the famous Tata family that owns the greatest steel works in India, besides great cotton mills and many other enterprises.

Look at these two rough, muscular fellows with dark faces who are waiting to carry the heavy boxes which will soon be raised from the ship's hold. See how they are pushing and hitting and shouting and laughing at each other like a pair of great overgrown boys. That man with the long white robe and red beard? He is a Mohammedan who has done what is the ambition of every devout Mohammedan to do. He has made the long pilgrimage to Mecca and proudly wears his beard stained red as a badge of his accomplishment.

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[1] For pronunciation and meaning of Indian words see page 190.

But we must fairly carry you away by force to one of the reliable taxis that are to be found everywhere in Bombay and start for the mission compound in the heart of the Indian city where ten o'clock breakfast awaits us. The streets are full; victorias with shouting drivers and poor, thin horses; queer, lurching, two-wheeled bullock carts, heaped high; automobiles—we almost feel at home when we see how many of them are American—tram cars, and a stream of barefooted brown people.

At first we go through wide streets and between many-storied buildings which are almost European in appearance. You exclaim with surprise when we come out into a great open space and see on our right the beautiful Victoria Terminus, the principal railroad station of Bombay, and one of the largest in the world. Soon, however, we plunge into narrow streets lined with queer little shops piled high with interesting things. The crowds are so dense that we have to drive slowly to avoid running over someone. How striking the people are, with their brilliantly colored costumes and their strange speech! Doubtless before we reach the mission compound we shall have passed people who are talking every one of India's twelve great languages as well as many other languages, both foreign and Indian.

We are now in the heart of the Indian city in one of the most densely peopled areas in the world, and it doesn't seem possible that only a short time before we were driving down a wide thoroughfare between great Western buildings. Yet everywhere we see automobiles waiting in front of native shops, we hear graphophones playing, and presently we pass a moving picture palace. We are having a taste of the strange mingling of West and East which is one of the fascinations and problems of modern India.

At last we turn in at a gateway and find ourselves in a most attractive compound. Right before us rises a beautiful church building, and to our left is an Indian bungalow with ample verandas and many doors and windows. In the entrance stands a little group of our fellow-countrymen who have gathered to give you the warmest sort of welcome. They have arranged that we shall have a breakfast to celebrate your coming, and soon we are seated around a long, improvised table in the airy dining-room, all laughing and talking together.

After your heavy ocean fare, you will enjoy the meal. It is quite like an American breakfast, with the addition of Bombay plantains, or sweet, juicy bananas, and loose-skinned oranges picked the day before. There will be cereal and eggs and doughnuts —the pride of the cook—and other good things. The silent-footed table-boy seems to know what you want as soon as you do yourself, and passes your plate for a second helping.

After breakfast we shall have a council of war. This trip of ours isn't to be of the ordinary tourist kind, with a hop, skip, and a jump between the sights. We've invited you because we want you to know the people of India and to respect and like them, as we are sure you will if you only know them. We are going to take you right out for a real visit with the village people of India. We are also going to introduce you to a few of India's political leaders and British administrators, and give you an opportunity to know some of our fellow-missionaries and Indian Christians. But you really must have a chance for at least a glimpse of the wonderful show places of India —no trip in India would be complete without that— and we have only a few short weeks for everything. Somehow we must manage to take a lightning trip over India. Then we shall be ready to spend the rest of our time in making friends with the people.

Would you like to try a truly Indian plan? In my own city of Ahmednagar there lived a Hindu holy man who, by his long meditation and his austerities, gained miraculous power; at least that is what people think. He was seen in Ahmednagar on a certain day, and on that same day friends say that they met him in the holy city of Benares eight hundred miles away. It is their belief that his mind had gained such complete control over his body that all he had to do was to repeat the proper *mantra*, the sacred verse of magic power, to think himself in Benares and there he was. Why shouldn't *we* use this method of locomotion, since we too are in this mystic land of India? While

I repeat the *mantra* of the Ahmednagar holy man, think with all your might, "Khyber Pass."

We find ourselves twelve hundred miles north of Bombay and six thousand feet above sea level. Below us is a narrow, cliff-lined pass which is the only way by which any large company can go through the mighty Himalayan barrier that for eighteen hundred miles guards India on the north. All about us is a wild country of piled up mountains, but in front and far below we can dimly see the great green plain of North India.

It was through this pass that our distant Aryan cousins entered India over three thousand years ago. Yes, the people of India are distant relatives of ours. They left the high tableland of Central Asia and journeyed south to India about the same time that other near-by Aryan tribes began their journey toward Europe, there to become the ancestors of many of the European peoples. Even today there are several old Aryan words used in India which are nearly the same in sound and meaning as words which we use in English.

As you stand above this wild defile, can you not picture those early invaders, keen of eye, strong of body, fearless and free of bearing, with their bows on their backs, driving their herds before them through the pass? They are looking for better homes, just as the

Virginians of colonial days were when they went through the mountain passes of the Appalachians on their way to the blue grass country of Kentucky. When some venturesome Aryan boy climbed our hill and for the first time looked down on the rich land of rivers and meadows and forests that was before him, can you not imagine his shout of triumph as he dashed down to tell the news to those in the pass?

These bold Aryan invaders easily drove before them the dark-skinned people whom they found in their path, and soon their civilization became the dominating culture of India. Long afterwards successive waves of Mohammedan invaders came surging through this same great pass and became masters of the Indian plain. Now it is securely guarded by the last invaders of India, who came not over the mountains but by the sea. We can see about us some signs of the vigilance with which the Khyber Rifles, who are Indian troops under British officers, are now watching over this passageway to Central Asia. For still today, as in the time of the Aryans, the warlike people to the north cast longing eyes on the rich plains of India. If the strong hand of British rule were removed, it would probably not be long before armies of invaders were again marching through the Khyber Pass.

But we must not linger here too long. Shut your eyes, and while I again repeat our magic *mantra*, think "Darjeeling."

We have once more leaped over nearly twelve hundred miles, this time to the southeast, right along the mighty mountain barrier of the Himalayas. As we open our eyes we shall draw in our breath in absolute wonder. After a time a quiet exclamation of awe may come from the lips of some of us. We are on Tiger Hill on a clear day, and are looking at perhaps the grandest sight in the world. Have you ever been in the Canadian Rockies or the Alps or in any place where you have seen great snow-clad mountains? If you have, you can dimly picture to yourself the wonder of this scene. To the left, one hundred and twenty miles away, we can clearly see Mount Everest, the highest mountain in the world, while right before us rises its mighty twin, itself 28,156 feet high, Kinchenjanga. The guide-book says that it is forty-five miles away, but as it rises before us in the clear air we cannot believe that it is more than ten miles away. "The eye looks over the lofty hills and across a vast chasm to the line of perpetual snow, about seventeen thousand feet high, on the side of the stupendous Kinchenjanga. Above that rises a glittering white wall, and then it seems as if the sky were rent, and the view is closed by enormous masses of bare rock." The longer you look at these mighty mountains, the more will their grandeur and their wonder impress you, and in turning away, perhaps you will feel like saying with the great poet when he thought of another of nature's wonders, "What is man, that thou art mindful of him?"

But let us be off again on our mystic journey. This time it is a short trip—only three hundred and fifty miles southwest. We have come to the very heart of the Ganges plain, with its many compact little gray villages and with ancient cities here and there on the river-bank. No jungle here, only flat unfenced fields extending from the Bay of Bengal on the east, up the Ganges to the place where it pours out of the Himalayas, and thence to the southwest, down the Indus to the Indian Ocean, a great, flat, curving belt, eighteen hundred miles long. One hundred and seventy-five million people live on this great plain, many more than there are in the United States and Canada, with Mexico and Central America thrown in. It is the countless little streams and the mighty rivers pouring down from the Himalayan snows which bring life to this great plain. No wonder the people worship Mother Ganga and think of the Himalayas as the home of the gods.

We shall be surprised to see that the place in which we find ourselves is nothing but an ancient ruin. It is Sarnath, four miles from Benares, and the reason we are here is that it is one of the famous places where India's greatest religious teacher, Gautama Buddha, first proclaimed his message. In front of us is the descendant of the very bo tree under which he sat as he taught.

Gautama was a young Indian prince of Aryan blood, brought up in luxury. The accounts speak of his great skill and strength. Indeed, we are told that he won his beautiful wife Maya by his prowess in archery and in other sports. But he was turned from his careless life by seeing sights of great suffering in his father's city. He could no longer bear to go on in his selfish enjoyment while others were in such suffering, and came to feel that he himself must find the key to life's hard problem. So, on the very night when his first child was born, he left home and friends and went off into the forest to think through the mysteries of life and death and to try to find some way to bring hope to suffering people. For years he lived in the forest, sometimes fasting until he was little more than a skeleton and enduring all sorts of austerities, but in all this he found no message of hope for the world. At last, when he was in despair, light seemed to come to him. All at once he felt that he had found the true secret of life, and he became Buddha—the Enlightened.

The Aryans of Gautama's day had lost much of their former spontaneous joy of life. There was constant quarreling between the tribes and much suffering existed among them. They were still, as they had always been, deeply religious. But the Brahmans, who were the priests and religious teachers, had squeezed most of the happiness out of their religion and had left it a dry routine of elaborate ceremonies, just as the Jewish Pharisees and priests had done in the time of Jesus. In Old Testament times the prophets denounced reliance on such sacrifices and ceremonies and told the children of Israel that what God wanted was for them to live clean lives. Gautama was a great prophet who called the people from a religion of external forms to one of real life. He taught them that priestly ceremonies would not meet their need. What they must do was to give up their passions and selfish ambitions, and by right thinking and right action free themselves from all desire of every sort. By getting rid of all desire, they would conquer sorrow and suffering. In this way, Gautama proclaimed, they would finally free themselves from the great "wheel of life."

His teaching contained no vital message about God, and the goal to which he invited his hearers was Nirvana—the absence of conscious life. But he himself was so attractive a man, he led such a beautiful life, and preached with such power that many followed his gospel. Despite its deficiencies, the religion of Gautama was far better than the dry ritual of the priests.

Here among the ruins of Sarnath you may see a column covered with the remarkable chiseled edicts of Gautama's most powerful follower, the great Asoka, emperor of a large part of India. It was in remorse at the terrible bloodshed and suffering of a great victory he had just won that Asoka was converted to Buddhism. He was equally great as an emperor and as a disciple, and stands out as one of the most attractive rulers of history. In many ways he was like our own Alfred the Great, but his empire was many times greater than that of Alfred. In Asoka's day Buddhism became a mighty missionary religion, sending its messengers to Tibet, Burma, and China, whence they later went to Japan. In this way Gautama Buddha, the simple religious teacher, became the greatest figure in Asia, and at the present time five hundred million people are partially or wholly his followers.

Yet how unattractive his message seems to us today! Here were his last words, spoken when he was over eighty years old to a group of his closest disciples: "Behold now, brethren, this is my exhortation to you. Decay is inherent in all things. Work out, therefore, your emancipation with diligence."

If only this great-hearted teacher could have known Christ and learned from him, he would not have talked so much of decay and freedom from desire, but he would have called people to the joy of service to God and men. Really it is no wonder that in the end India turned from Buddha's teaching back to Hinduism. There, at least, was a god—indeed myriads of gods—to be worshiped.

Only four miles from these quiet ruins is the proof of Buddha's failure to meet the needs of men's hearts. There lies the famous city of Benares which has been India's religious capital, its Mecca, since history began. Benares is filled with temples and shrines and idols. Here we find ourselves in a swirl of men and women bent on worship. Through the dark, narrow, crooked, crowded streets and many temples, with their slimy tanks of holy water, a million pilgrims pass every year. Here are holy men lying on beds of spikes, and others with rigid upraised arms which have been kept so long in this position that they have lost all power of movement. Hindu widows with shaved heads and hopeless faces hurry by in the crowd. Read what Macaulay said about Benares, and I am sure you will feel that it applies to what you are seeing today. "The traveler could scarcely make his way through the press of holy mendicants and not less holy bulls. The broad and stately flights of steps which descended from these swarming haunts to the bathing-places along the Ganges were worn every day by the footsteps of an innumerable multitude of worshipers. The schools and temples drew crowds of pious Hindus from every province where the Brahmanical faith was known. Hundreds of devotees came hither every month to die, for it was believed that a peculiarly happy fate awaited the man who should pass from the sacred city into the sacred river." On the river-bank we see some burning funeral pyres, the ashes of which will soon be thrown to Mother Ganges.

Let us walk along beside this band of villagers who are coming with their banners, and their gourds to be filled with Ganges water, and talk with them. Where did they come from? "From a village near Bijawar, eight days' journey away." Had they walked all the way? "Yes." Why did they come? "To bathe in Mother Ganges and to have a sight of God in the temple—what else?" We look over the group with a new interest and respect. Ignorant they clearly are, but they have revealed in this simple answer a hunger to feel themselves near to God which was great enough to induce them to endure the hardships of that long tramp and to spend their meager savings for the journey. How many in Christian America would give such proof that their religion meant something to them? Doubtless other motives entered in. This pilgrimage is a way of finding change from the monotony of village life. It gives something of the excitement of a country fair. Yet underneath all else is a yearning for God—which is a great gift from India to our busy Western world.

When our eyes are tired with the bewildering sights of Benares, we will come aside out of the surging crowd and again try the power of our spell. Agra is our next goal.

I almost doubt the potency of any psychic power to prevent our turning a little further north to go to imperial Delhi. Delhi is the age-long political center of India, with ruins of many a famous city of bygone days surrounding it and with the wonderful buildings of the Mohammedan Mogul emperors and of the great new British capital making it one of the show cities of the world. Yet Agra is our choice because here we are in closer touch than at Delhi with Akbar, greatest of the great Moguls and one of the famous rulers of history, and here is the Taj Mahal, which is generally considered the most beautiful building in the world.

The story of Akbar's boyhood is a wild tale of adventure. He was born in the camp of Humayun his father, who was fleeing from India for his life after a complete defeat. Akbar was a very little lad when he came marching back into India with the once more victorious Humayun. When he was only thirteen, the news of his father's death found him off on an expedition with the army. In a few weeks he had been proclaimed emperor and had accompanied his army in a victorious campaign against his most dangerous rival. That was a little before Queen Elizabeth began her long reign in England, and Akbar's reign outlasted even hers.

Right before us is the wall of the great Agra fort over the battlements of which young Akbar, single-handed, flung the man who had just murdered his prime minister. Until that time Akbar had been more interested in sport than in his empire. Indeed he was called the best polo player of his time. But from that day on for forty-three years he reigned with such wisdom and ability that much of his work remains as the basis of the Indian empire of today. He began, a boy ruler over a very uncertain kingdom. When he died he was perhaps the greatest and richest ruler in the world, with most of the vast area of India as well as Afghanistan and Baluchistan owning his sway. He was generous to beaten enemies and tolerant to followers of other faiths. He was nominally a Mohammedan, yet he was interested in every religion. There is a tradition that one of his wives was a Christian. In spite of the fact that he himself was not a very loyal Mohammedan, there can be no doubt that Akbar's great reign helped in the spread of the religion of the Arabian prophet. There are today over sixty-eight million Mohammedans in India, by far the greatest number to be found in any country in the world.

If Akbar was the David of the Mogul empire, Shah Jehan was its Solomon, and we are now to see the masterpiece of this great builder. Whatever else we hurry over, we are going to take enough time to study the Taj Mahal. We shall see its glistening dome through the green trees of its garden, and then we shall take a boat and see it from across the Jumna River, with the fine red sandstone buildings on either side setting it off, the whole reflected in the still waters of the river. We shall see it in the full blaze of afternoon and again as sunset lights its graceful towers, and, most beautiful of all, as the full moon softens its white marble into ivory and it rises before us a veritable creation of fairyland.

Of course we shall go inside and look at the beautiful designs of precious stones inlaid in the marble, and the wonderful trelliswork screens of white marble that surround the tombs. We shall feel "the chastened beauty of that central chamber" which no words can express. Indeed, no words can express the impression of beauty made by the Taj. Such a building could have been built only as an expression of some great and beautiful ideal. And so it was.

Shah Jehan, grandson of Akbar, spent twenty-two years and untold treasure in building the Taj, that it might be a tribute to his queen, Mamtaz-i-Mahal, "the chosen of the palace." He loved her with so great a love that when she died his only consolation was in the creation of this wonderful tribute in marble. Later, when Shah Jehan was dethroned and imprisoned by his son, tradition says that he asked to be allowed to be confined in an apartment in the fort from which he could see the Taj Mahal. There he died, facing his matchless memorial to his beloved queen.

In Agra we have seen resting under the trees herds of camels which are soon to start over the desert wastes of Rajputana to the west, and we long to follow them into that land of chivalry and romance. Indeed it seems almost impossible that we should fly past the picturesque native states of Rajputana and over the wonderful old capitol and fort of Gwalior. If we could only stop in some of these places we could be the guests of rajahs, and seated on royal elephants we might visit wonderful ancient palaces, and modern ones as well. We could get a bit of the flavor of the life in these principalities, which cover a third of India's territory and which still maintain much of the glamor and splendor of the ancient Oriental despots.

But we must be inexorable with ourselves. Resolutely think "Satpura Mountains."

What a contrast to the palaces and mosques of Agra! We are in the wild region of mountain and jungle which separates the northern plain of India from the great upland plateaus of the Deccan or south country. The trees are not dense, and there is no tangled mass of vines and creepers such as you may have pictured in an Indian jungle; yet jungle it is. There are many open spaces, and in the middle of some of them you see impenetrable thickets of thorned cactus. We are on a narrow winding path which is the only highway through this country.

Suddenly, noiselessly, there appears before us a dark little man with a short bow in his hand. We exchange greetings. He is evidently excited. He jabbers away at me in very low tones, and gestures toward a dense mass of cactus only a hundred yards away. Then he looks around and points to a jutting rock on the hillside on the other side of the valley. This man is a member of the wild hunter tribe of Bhils, who have eyes as keen as those of any American Indian. They live in these hills and make their living largely by hunting. A man-eating Bengal tiger has been dealing destruction to their jungle village and to others as well. The beast had become so bold that, the night before, he had pounced upon and carried off a child from the very street of the village and they had traced him to this place. All the men of the village had come out with whatever weapons they owned. They had vowed that, no matter if several of them were killed in doing it, they would put an end to the constant dread of their lives in which they all lived because of this tiger. He was gorged with his meal and at present lay asleep. They were about to attack him, and this Bhil, who was their leader, asked us to go to a position of safety on the hill.

Quickly, and as quietly as possible, we follow our guide and, lying flat behind the rock, eagerly look toward the cactus. Now we see the Bhils approaching it on every side. Two have old shot-guns or muskets. Most of the men carry short bows of stiff bamboo and reed arrows with heavy iron heads. All have hatchets stuck into their waistbands. We wait, breathless. The leader gives a signal. A gun shot rings out. Arrows fly. Then a great roar, and out from the cactus crashes the wounded tiger. He pauses a moment to locate his enemies. We hear another shot. More arrows fly. The tiger staggers, but makes a spring toward the nearest Bhil. Alert little hunter that he is, he jumps aside and throws his hatchet with marvelous skill. It makes a deep gash in the great tawny beast's neck. The tiger tries to follow the hunter, but staggers and falls. At once the Bhils are upon him, making doubly sure of their victory by blows from their hatchets. We rush down to join the group around the fallen monarch of the jungle. One lucky arrow has hit him in the neck. Several wounds in his side show how deadly was the aim of these wiry hill men. As the huge beast lies there, nearly ten feet long, his great fangs showing through his open jaws, power in every line of body and leg, we marvel at the courage of these little hunters in attacking such a creature with their crude weapons. It is interesting, indeed, that in almost every part of such a thickly peopled land as India there should still be stretches of jungle country inhabited by wild or half-tamed peoples like the Bhils.

As we go back to gather up the belongings we had hastily dropped in our excitement, we are brought up with a start, for a dark snake over five feet long is lazily crawling directly across our path. He sees us, pauses, coils himself, and raises his head. No mistaking that head with the beautiful markings on its spreading umbrella. He is a great cobra. As we retreat, he sees that his danger is past, and, uncoiling, quickly glides into the cactus beyond, for he is just a little bit more afraid of us than we are of him. You may see other cobras while you are in India, but they will probably be in the baskets of snake charmers and jugglers. All over India poisonous snakes are a lurking danger, and we who live there are always glad to have a mongoose pay our hedges a visit; but you may live in India for years and never see a single free cobra.

After this experience you are all probably quite ready to put unusual intensity into the thought which is to carry us out of this wild country and on our journey. "Tanjore" is the word this time.

We find ourselves once more amid the streaming crowds of a city street. We are a thousand miles south of Agra in a city which is a great center of South India culture. The people are different in dress and in appearance from those of North India. The language sounds different. The buildings are different. Somehow the whole atmosphere is entirely changed. We see almost no bearded Mohammedans and few whose light complexions indicate Aryan blood. These people are Dravidians by race. They were driven south by the Aryan invaders, and here they founded over fifteen hundred years ago a civilization which has grown rich in literature and art.

Our eye is attracted by that curious great cannon which we see in a bastion of the fort. It is named Raja Gopala and is twenty-four and a half feet long, with a bore of two and a half feet. You could easily crawl into it. In many places in India you will find big guns like this in the ancient forts. The old Indian rajahs were very fond of them. Do you remember that Kim was sitting on one in Lahore when he first met his lama?

A massive tower covered with images of gods and demons rises two hundred feet above us and soon demands our attention. It is clearly a temple, yet we have seen no such mighty temple building even in holy Benares. As we walk into the enclosure another great tower appears, and we find ourselves in the midst of a bewildering array of cloisters and chapels covering a very wide area, all part of the same temple. The guide says that portions of this great temple date from the fourth century A. D.—that is, from the time of the Roman empire. Other portions were built a little after the reign of William the Conqueror. The great towers which completed the temple were added at about the time of Columbus. Here and there in the enclosure we see sleek Brahman priests who are keenly watching to be sure that we do not go where we are not allowed and so desecrate the temple. But they are even more eagerly watching the offerings of the worshipers.

In spite of the fact that they are few in number in South India, the Brahmans seem to dominate things here in an even more imperious way than they do in North India. As we ramble about the town, we cannot get away from that great temple. It overshadows the whole city. It is so in many cities of the south. Hinduism seems to be absolutely in control here.

Yet in this very country Christianity has won greater victories than anywhere else in India. Right before us is one visible reason for this. It is the church of Christian Frederick Schwartz and was erected by him in 1777. He was one of India's greatest early missionaries and was trusted by every class of people. At one time he acted as ambassador of the British to Hyder Ali of Mysore and made so great an impression on that fierce ruler that he invited him to stay in his country and preach Christianity. But Schwartz declined because he felt that he was more needed in Tanjore. The Rajah of Tanjore asked him to do many difficult public services, every one of which Schwartz performed with great ability. Finally, the rajah made him guardian of Sarabojee, his son and heir.

For a time this humble missionary, whose main interest was in his growing congregations of Christians, was the most important man in the government of a rich and populous native state. The young rajah whose guardian he had been loved him as a father, and when Schwartz died, erected to his memory the marble monument which we see in the church. He also composed the quaint English inscription which we shall read:

> Firm wast thou, humble and wise,
> Honest, pure, free from disguise,
> Father of orphans, the widow's support,
> Comfort in sorrow of every sort.
> To the benighted, dispenser of light,
> Doing and pointing to that which is right.
> Blessing to princes, to people, to me;
> May I, my father, be worthy of thee!
> Wishest and prayest thy Sarabojee.

Our week of sightseeing is over, and we must be getting back to Bombay for a Sunday of rest. We shall pass, swift as thought, over the high mountains of South India, over her great upland plateau, over the Western Ghats which rise near India's western coast, and down again into the mission compound in Bombay, eight hundred miles away.

As we sit back in our comfortable veranda chairs, we shall all be going over in imagination the many great sights which we have seen. There will also come pouring into the minds of each of us recollections of native life and color which perhaps we alone have noticed. We have seen something of the wonders of nature and art in India, something of her variety of life, something of the greatness of her past, something of her human interest.

After a Sunday of worship with one of the Indian churches of the city, and of quiet rest in our bungalows, you will be eager to go on to find the answers to some of the questions about India that fairly bristle in your mind, and to become better acquainted with her interesting people.

It may take years to fit India for self-government, but it is a thing worth doing and a thing that may be done. It is a distinct and intelligible Indian policy for England to pursue—a way for both countries out of the embarrassments of their twisted destinies. Then set it before you. Believe in it. Hope for it. Work up to it in all your public acts and votes and conversations with your fellow-men.—*Sir Herbert Edwardes, K.C.B., K.C.S.I., hero of the Indian Mutiny.*

II. THE MEETING GROUND OF EAST AND WEST

We are on an athletic field in the beautiful inland city of Poona in western India. A crowd of excited boys and men is watching a game of *atia-patia*, a popular team game that is played, under different names, over most of India. This particular contest is between two of Poona's high school teams. The players are barefooted. They wear but little clothing, and their light brown bodies are lithe and graceful. By their color and general appearance we can easily see that almost all of them are Brahmans, the proud descendants of India's Aryan conquerors. Ten players are lined up at one end of the long, narrow field. The opposing team is scattered down the field, each player guarding a cross line. You can picture what the field is like by thinking of a shortened football gridiron squeezed together until its side lines are six yards apart, a third line running down the center.

The signal to start is given, and the attacking team rushes forward into the upper squares. One fine-looking fellow slips through the first opponents and comes bounding down toward the lower end of the field, stopping short before an alert antagonist. Now watch the contest. Back and forth he runs, seeking an opening, but the guardian of the square is equally quick and bars the way. Suddenly, like a flash, the runner flings himself almost flat on the ground, but forward and outward so that only one foot remains inside the side line, thus keeping him technically within bounds. Again like a flash he rises, but he is beyond the guardian of that line and in the next square. You never saw a football runner in America put more fire into his play, and I doubt if you ever saw one who moved more quickly. Others follow. See how skilfully the team works together in getting its men forward, and with what fearlessness and abandon they throw themselves down in passing their opponents. Gradually they work their way forward until the first player has reached the farther end of the field and, turning, has threaded his way back until he finally dodges across the starting line. "*Lon! Lon!*" they shout. "Game! Game!" The boys jump and yell for all the world like American boys whose team has made a touchdown.

These boys are the "lazy Brahmans" about whom you may have heard! A few years ago most of them would have been spending the afternoon idly strolling about, telling stories and singing songs; or they would have been lying on their beds or under a tree, committing to memory some textbook. But now they have caught the new spirit which is abroad in the land. They want to see their country playing a great part in the world. They realize that India must have men of strong bodies and fearless spirit, men able to play the game as a team and take failure with a smile. There is passionate patriotism in the way the high-caste boys in the schools of Poona and other places are getting ready to meet this need. More than school loyalty expresses itself in the way they are playing *atia-patia.* There is love of their motherland. "*Bande Mataram!*"—"Hail to the Motherland!"—is their rallying cry.

Back of the new movement which is changing these schoolboys from flabby, selfish bookworms into keen athletes and patriots lies India's contact with the modern Western world—especially with sport-loving and liberty-loving Britain. You cannot understand India's modern schools and colleges, its great factory chimneys, and its passionate patriotism, flourishing right by the side of densest ignorance, ancient ways, and indifference to public affairs, unless you know something of the fascinating story of her contact with the Western nations.

The Western world has always been nearer to the Eastern world than most persons imagine. Every American schoolboy and business man uses something Indian many times a day. We do all our figuring with what we call Arabic numerals, because they came to Europe through the Arabs. But they are really Indian numerals which were brought to Palestine by Arab traders before the time of the Crusades. The Crusaders introduced them into Europe. Of course they have changed a little in the process of time and travel, but not very much, after all, as you shall see if you will come into one of our little elementary schools. It will take you about three minutes to learn how to follow everything which the boys write as they work out ordinary examples in arithmetic. And remember that their ancestors were using these figures when our own were hunting with bows and arrows in the forests of Europe and counting on their fingers.

India has ever held a fascination for Europe. In the old days great caravans transported her precious stones and her spices, her ivory and her beautiful cloth to Constantinople and other ports, and merchants from Venice and Genoa spread them over Europe. Calico was named from the city of Calicut in India from which this kind of cloth first came. Fancy the Queen of England making the hit of the season at court by appearing in a robe made from a rare Indian cloth which some English merchant had just brought from Venice, and which was really nothing more nor less than a calico dress!

When the Turks conquered Syria and Asia Minor, they closed the caravan routes between India and Europe and tried to keep all the Indian trade to themselves; but western Europe refused to be cut off from the trade of India. The fine ladies were bound to have their Calicut dresses as well as their cloth of gold, their diamonds and their pearls. It was the lure of India that led the navigators of Spain and Portugal to try to sail around Africa, and that led Columbus to venture out on the untried western ocean. When he discovered land he thought that he had reached India, and naturally he called the natives Indians. Europeans were sorely disappointed when it became known that he had only discovered a hitherto unknown land!

After many unsuccessful attempts the Portuguese finally found their way around Africa to India and established trading-stations there. It was the age of daring adventure. Sir Walter Raleigh was fitting out his first colonizing expedition for Virginia. At about the same time a company of English traders secured a charter from good Queen Bess and sent ships on the six months' journey around Africa to start a modest trading-station at Surat, the port of Akbar's empire. So began two dangerous little English enterprises, each of which often seemed on the very verge of failure. By the sheer pluck of those sturdy pioneers, both ventures succeeded and have resulted in mighty empires. To the east is the great Indian empire, still controlled by Britain, and to the west the imperial lands of Canada and the United States, which owe their language and much of their civilization to England.

It is a very interesting fact that the English did not at first wish to govern India or dream that they ever would do so. All they sought was a chance for peaceful trade. In the quaint style of the day, Sir Thomas

Roe, British ambassador to the Mogul court, wrote in 1612: "A war and traffic is incompatible. . . . Let this be received as a rule. If you will profit, seek it in private trade." He pointed out that the Portuguese and Dutch lost the profits of their trade by getting mixed up with the government of the country and so having to maintain armies. Yet it was not twelve years before the British had to fight off the jealous Portuguese at Surat. Then Shivaji, the great Indian chief, swooped down from his mountain fortresses to raid this rich port. Later the Dutch and the French attacked the English, who found that if they wanted to trade, they would have to be strong enough to defend themselves. So they built forts and organized little armies consisting of a few Englishmen and many more Indian soldiers, or sepoys.

Many bold adventurers and able leaders had a hand in the development of England's connection with India. There were wars, and there was much hard work. First the English acquired pieces of territory, among them the wild island of Bombay, which was very much like the equally wild island of Manhattan on which New York City was soon to be built. Then they conquered, one by one, whole provinces as big and rich and populous as European countries. It was a long process, but by 1857 it was almost finished, and the British East India Company found itself, with a handful of white men and many Indian assistants, governing a land as large and with as great a population as all Europe except Russia.

Among the interesting men who laid the foundations of the Indian empire was rough Job Charnock, who doggedly clung to the fever-infested mud flat which the Nawab of Bengal assigned to him as a trading-post. He watched most of his men sicken and die, but stayed on until the beginnings of the great city of Calcutta rose about him. There was Gerald Angier, early governor of Bombay, who had the vision to see "the city which by God's assistance is intended to be built," and who was "a chivalric and intrepid man who made it his daily study to advance the company's interest and the good . . . of the people under him."

The most picturesque and typical figure of the early days of Britain's contact with India is that of Robert Clive. He was a tempestuous, uncontrolled boy. Once he shocked the sedate people of his quiet English village by climbing the steeple of the village church and sitting astride the eaves-spout. No school kept him long, and at eighteen his father packed him off to India as a clerk of the East India Company. Seven years later, with a tiny force of poorly trained troops, most of them Indian sepoys, he had, by his bravery and wonderful leadership, captured the important fortress of Arcot, withstood a siege, won a decisive victory, and turned the tide against the seemingly all-conquering French. The mighty French power in India never recovered from that defeat by an English boy commander who was trained to be a clerk, but who had the heart of a great general. When his father heard of the victory of Arcot, he said, "After all, the booby has something in him."

At thirty Clive was made Governor of Madras. Soon afterward tidings came speeding from the north that Surajah Dowlah, the Nawab of Bengal, had captured Calcutta and had thrown more than a hundred Europeans into a small room, where all but twenty-three of them perished in the night. The new governor lost no time in preparing to march against the Nawab, and soon found himself with a little army of Indian and English soldiers facing the Nawab's large army of Indian and French soldiers drawn up at some distance beyond a small river. Should he cross the river against the enemy and so risk the annihilation of his force? All the officers except one advised against taking such a risk, but when the council of war broke up, Clive reversed their decision. Next day he led his little army forward, the battle of Plassey was fought, the Nawab's army was completely defeated, and the English became the real power in the great province of Bengal. The mighty British empire in India practically dates from June 22, 1757, the day on which young Clive decided to cross the river.

What follows sounds like a story-book romance. The hostile Nawab fled, but was captured and killed.

Clive installed a new and friendly ruler, who took him through the treasure chamber of the capitol, with its great jars of jewels and gold and silver coins on every hand, and told him to take what he wanted. Clive actually accepted treasure worth more than a million dollars, while other officers and officials received large sums. Rupees, plate, and jewels were sent in boat-loads down the river to Calcutta. Two years later, for another service, the new Nawab gave Clive as a little token of appreciation the revenue of the Calcutta district, or about one hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year.

The English did not yet understand what a poor country India really was. They knew of Akbar's splendor and of the vast treasures of Indian rulers; they did not realize that these treasures were wrung from the poverty of India's peasants. Young Clive resigned from his position and returned to England where he was made a peer and lived as a nabob. Naturally the other agents of the East India Company wanted to follow Clive's example. There was a general scramble after money, which resulted in the oppression of the Indians. The Company saw that it must send out from England a governor-general who would be strong enough to check these abuses.

Of all men they chose for the task this young prince of nabobs, this man who had become a millionaire over night out of the spoils of India—Robert Clive. And they chose rightly. Clive was as brave and fearless in his fight against the corruption of his countrymen as he had been in battle, and did much to "cleanse the Augean stables." In two short years of intense activity which broke his health, he made the Company's position in India far stronger than it had been. Macaulay says about this man who went to India a scapegrace boy to become a clerk in a struggling company and in a few years won an empire for England, "Our island, so fertile in heroes and statesmen, has scarcely ever produced a man more truly great either in arms or in council."

At the time that Clive was winning his battles, the Mogul empire was crumbling, and all India was in confusion. Little kingdoms were rising and fighting each other on every side. Great bands of robbers roamed the country. But gradually British rule extended, bringing peace and order. Sometimes the earlier British rulers were harsh and intolerant and did India wrong, but often they were men of noble character and great ability. On the whole, they brought peace and progress to a disturbed land.

In many ways the outstanding man among all the earlier English rulers in India was Lord William Bentinck. He was a great lover of liberty. As a young man he helped Italy to win her freedom, and when he became governor-general of India in 1828 he did everything in his power to give Indians high place in their country's life. He also fearlessly fought such Indian abuses as *sati,* or the burning of widows on the funeral pyres of their husbands, and the inhuman practice that existed in some parts of India of killing many of the girl babies.

It was in Lord William Bentinck's day that there came the great controversy as to whether the government should offer Indians an English education or should favor teaching them only their own languages and culture. A strong party argued that the government should encourage only Indian education. It would be dangerous for the British government, they said, for Indians to receive Western education and learn too much about Western freedom.

Perhaps the strongest and most enthusiastic advocate of English education was a young Scotch missionary, Alexander Duff. He believed that Indians were worthy of the very best that the West could give them, and, what was more, he was proving in his own remarkable school what English education would do for India. The famous Macaulay, who was then a member of the Supreme Council and to whom this question was referred, advised strongly in favor of English education. In his epoch-making Minute, with which Lord William Bentinck heartily agreed, he repudiated the idea of keeping India ignorant in order to keep it submissive. He clearly saw that through English education the day might come when India would outgrow British rule and demand European institutions of freedom, and he said, "Whenever it comes, it will be the proudest day in British history."

In this high spirit the British government definitely committed itself to promoting Indian progress.

But probably the man who did more than any Briton could do to lead India out into the modern world was the Indian prophet of the new day, the Rajah Ram Mohan Roy, "through whose courageous efforts," says D. N. Bannerjea in *India's Nation Builders,* "a golden bridge was first erected uniting the progressive, practical traditions of the West with the sublime idealism of the East." Up to his time most leading Indians had clung to their own old ways and had opposed Western civilization. Rajah Ram Mohan Roy had the courage to attack the ancient evils of India, idolatry and caste and *sati.* He secured for Duff the rooms in which he started his school, helped him and other missionaries in many ways, and cooperated with Lord William Bentinck in his fight against *sati* and in his other reforms. Ram Mohan Roy dared to tell his proud high-caste countrymen that they must learn from the West, and that they must learn from Christ. It was his conviction that underneath all reform must lie religion, and his greatest work was the founding of a liberal religious society, the Brahmo Samaj. He wrote, "I have found the doctrines of Christ more conducive to moral principles and better adapted to the use of rational beings than any other which have come to my knowledge."

Of course he was persecuted. When he was a very young man his father turned him out and told him never to darken his doorstep again. After his father's death his mother bitterly attacked him. Orthodox Hindu leaders did everything they could against him, but he did not swerve from his course. If Clive was the founder of the British empire in India, Rajah Ram Mohan Roy was the founder of the modern, progressive India of today. In many ways he was a nobler figure than Clive. The battles which he fought were just as hard and they demanded a higher kind of courage. His successes were not so spectacular as those of Clive, but they had a larger influence on the inner life of India.

This great pioneer of the new India was the first of a notable group of brave and able reformers. Many of them graduated from mission schools and colleges. Almost all of them felt the influence of Christ. They attacked Indian idolatry, sometimes at the risk of their lives. They denounced India's treatment of its women, saying that little girls had a right to their childhood and must not be married until they were at least fourteen. They supported schools for girls which were generally under the care of women missionaries. They even dared to break the rules of the great sacred system of caste. A few of these reformers were killed, especially those who were bold enough to become Christian. Almost all of them were persecuted by orthodox Hindus. But every year Indians in increasing numbers were educated in English schools and were getting ideas of liberty and democracy. More and more Indian students and leaders were following Ram Mohan Roy by honoring Christ and his teaching of brotherhood. Gradually reform and progress gained ground.

During this period more Christian missionaries were establishing their schools and hospitals and churches. Western railways were introduced, and on their trains Indians of all castes traveled together. In the new schools that were springing up, children of many different castes studied and played together. Old India was gradually being changed. The terrible wrongs of Indian women and girls, of the outcastes, and of all unfortunates were very slowly but very surely growing less, and the spirit of public service was increasing.

Then came the great Indian mutiny of 1857 in which many regiments of Indian sepoys broke from British control, captured the old capital city of Delhi and several other cities, and, with the help of some of the people, attempted to set up again the old Mogul empire. In the terrible war spirit of those dark days deeds of cruelty were committed on both sides. There were also countless deeds of chivalry and interracial loyalty and good-will. This crisis was really like the Boxer Uprising in China. It was the last violent attempt of the old East to keep out the new West.

When the mutiny failed, and by proclamation of Queen Victoria in 1858 the Crown took over from the East India Company the control of India, most educated Indians accepted the new order. Railway travel grew popular and increased immensely. Factories began to spring up. High schools and colleges were crowded with eager students. Hundreds and thousands of Indians defied Hindu prejudice by crossing the "black water" to finish their education in England and America. The West seemed to be gradually dominating India.

In 1905 little Japan's victory over great Russia sent a thrill of new hope throughout Asia. Educated Indians began to ask, "Why cannot India become free and strong like Japan?" Many ardent young men answered, "We can and we will." C. F. Andrews, in *The Renaissance in India*, tells of a typical young Indian who, before the Russo-Japanese War, had rarely thought of India as a whole; his ambitions had centered in his family and caste. But the night when he heard of the defeat of the Russian fleet, a clear vision of his country came to him. India appeared as a desolate mother claiming his love, and the vision was so vivid that for months afterwards he could shut his eyes and see it again. Like Paul, he set out at once to obey his vision. Because he saw that until Mohammedans and Hindus came together there could be no united India, he began by seeking to win the friendship of the Mohammedans. From this he went on in his service to his country, risking his life in work in a plague camp, then going into relief work in a famine-stricken district. Japan's victory had changed his whole life.

I have chosen this story because it illustrates how transforming was the influence of this new movement in the lives of thousands of young Indian patriots. Of course, with most the change did not go so deep as it did with this young man. Many found in Japan's victory mainly a fresh incentive for political agitation against British rule. Indeed some felt with Bal Gangadhar Tilak, the most influential radical leader during the earlier years of this period, that political freedom must be the first aim of the Indian patriot, and that all other reform should be subordinated to the effort to secure home rule. Others followed the view of Gopal Krishna Gokhale, founder of the Servants of India Society, and a great statesman, in believing that social reform and political advancement must go hand in hand. As a matter of fact, under the stimulus of the interplay of Eastern and Western cultures, both forms of advance have been taking place side by side throughout the entire period since 1905.

We have spoken of the Servants of India Society, a little group of highly educated Indians, most of them Brahmans, who dedicate their lives to the service of those in need. When they enter the society, even though they could earn many times as much elsewhere, they are given only enough salary for a bare living. Whenever famines have come, the members of this society have organized very effective relief. They have gone into the factory districts of Bombay and have tried to brighten and improve the hard life of the mill-hands by forming clubs, by helping them to keep clear of drink and to save money, and by showing their friendship in many ways. They are in the forefront of social reform in India.

Mr. Kirloskar, an Indian manufacturer, approached the problem from another angle. He started a factory in which he makes inexpensive modern iron plows which are fast replacing the ineffective wooden ones that the Indians have used for thousands of years. He is also making many other types of agricultural tools and machinery and is publishing a magazine for farmers. But this is not all. He is making his factory a model plant, where working conditions are healthful and where the life of the workers is worth while. There is a recreation ground for employees, and Mr. Kirloskar and members of his family freely join in the games, as they do in other activities of the community. They are building up a model village in which they are seeking to make good-will and neighborliness dominant.

One of India's noblest women, Mrs. Ramabai Ranade, opened the Seva Sadan, or Home of Service, in which women are trained to do much the same kind of social work that men do in the Servants of India Society. There have been great temperance movements also. The Arya Samaj, a powerful society founded by Indians for religious and social reform, and unlike most of the reforming bodies in that it has been definitely opposed to Christianity, has been very active during this period. The Ramakrishna Mission is a most significant expression of the spirit of reform, which gives to social and humanitarian service a strong religious sanction.

Perhaps the most dramatic illustration of the way in which India has been shaken out of some of its old ways as a result of its present renaissance is the passage of a law through the Indian Legislative Council in 1929 making illegal the marriage of girls who are under fourteen years old. For years progressive Indian women have been agitating for this reform. Again and again it has come up for vote and has been defeated, but in 1929, in spite of the strenuous opposition of the orthodox group, the bill was passed with only fourteen negative votes. The women who have been so influential in bringing this to pass are now engaging in a campaign of education to develop public opinion to support the new law. From this one can readily see that educated Indian women are like their sisters of the West. When once they are engaged in any campaign they mean to see it through.

These movements and many more like them are in part, at least, a mighty, indirect result of Christianity. They are winning Indian leaders away from the old Hindu idea that life is something evil, to be escaped, and are teaching them the Christian lesson that the life of service is something good, to be gladly participated in. Many of the leaders reject organized Christianity because they think of it as Western. But their whole outlook is being changed by the silent, pervasive influence of Christ which has come into the life of India largely through modern missionary activity. One of the ablest of India's reformers, Mr. G. K. Devadhar, the present head of the Servants of India Society, frankly acknowledges that he received his own impulse to such service from a mission school, and says, "Christian missions have played a large part in the great intellectual and spiritual evolution that has slowly gone on in this country during the past century, and they have been one of the potent factors which have produced modern India."

Alongside of these more profound expressions of a new life and at times entirely overshadowing them, has been the political agitation which has been going on with constantly increasing vigor in India since 1905. Many high school boys and college students have been in the thick of it. There have been plots and bombs and the shooting of several officials. Indian revolutionists have again and again shown that they were willing to die for their country, at the same time that more conservative patriots have been working on the municipal councils, local boards, legislative councils, and in many positions of public trust, trying in cooperation with the British government to build the new India.

Soon after 1905 the Indian National Congress, an unofficial voluntary body for voicing Indian political opinion which up to that time had been dominated by moderates, passed under the control of those of more radical opinions. The moderates then formed a separate party which they called the Liberal party, and the Congress became in reality the radical party. This party has demanded the immediate grant of home rule. Some in the Congress have desired to enforce this demand only by peaceful means, others have been prepared to use force. The Liberal party, on the other hand, has been made up of men who have valued the British connection and have desired the more gradual Indianization of the government. An interesting fact about both these parties is that the only language that all who attend their meetings can understand and use is English. As a matter of fact, it is Indians trained in English education who have been the leaders in the present political movement. It has been the English type of freedom that they have desired, and the English language was the natural one to use in expressing the demand.

When the World War came, one of the questions which British leaders asked was, "What will India do? Will she use this chance to become independent, or will she be loyal to our cause?" Britain did not have long to wait for an answer. The message she received was, "We are with you." Her leaders said it, the newspapers said it, the native princes said it, and the Indian soldiers said it. It sent a thrill through both England and India when the brown veteran troops of India marched into the great first battle of Ypres and played a large part in saving the day and thus in saving the cause of the Allies. Perhaps America's aid would have come too late if it had not been for a million and a quarter of India's picked young men who served and died in great numbers in the war. Some Indian princes left the luxuries of their Oriental courts and themselves donned khaki and fought in France. Others turned palaces into hospitals and gave large sums of money. Indian women met and sewed for the Red Cross. Even the ragged little Indian school children somehow earned and gave money for the starving Belgian children.

Great Britain was not slow to show her gratitude to India for this priceless aid. Mr. Montagu, then Secretary of State for India, announced that India would be given increasing control of her own affairs. The phrase he used to describe it was "the progressive realization of responsible government." Soon after this announcement Mr. Montagu came to India, and with the Viceroy then in office, Lord Chelmsford, prepared a plan representing substantial advance toward responsible government, which was adopted by the British Parliament. But Indian leaders had gained in national self-consciousness through the war, and while many welcomed the Montagu-Chelmsford reforms, others felt that they did not go far enough.

It would be impossible in such a quick review even to mention the important political events that have crowded the years since the adoption of these reforms. These events have included the organization by voters from the so-called lower castes of new anti-Brahman parties; a great increase in the mutual distrust between Mohammedans and Hindus, leading to many a riot; methods of terrorism used by a British general at Amritsar in 1919 at a time of agitation in the Punjab, leaving behind a heritage of bitterness and distrust; and experiments in passive resistance that have in practice led to disorder and bloodshed. Contemporaneous with these extreme manifestations has been a development in the political experience and capacity of the Indian people, and a growth in their demand for control of the whole life of the country.

Throughout most of the period since the war Mahatma Gandhi has been the dominant figure in India, both in social reform and in politics. He is a thin, inconspicuous little man, who wears the coarsest and simplest of Indian clothing. In these critical days his utter fearlessness, his sheer devotion to his country, and his purity of character have made him the acknowledged leader in all India. Millions of Indians, especially her educated young men, are ready to follow him anywhere. Mahatma, the title by which he is known, means the Great-Souled One, and Gandhi is not only acclaimed as a popular hero but worshiped as a saint. Probably this Indian leader has had a greater influence over more people than any other living man.

Once Gandhi startled his countrymen by telling them that they could have home rule within a year if they would live lives of purity and temperance, do away with the wrongs of the outcastes, and promote the use of the spinning wheel, symbol of an effort to go back to the old simplicity of the days before the coming in of our Western machine civilization. To give point to his teaching about doing away with the wrongs of the outcastes, the Mahatma and his wife adopted an outcaste girl. To make more effective his effort to develop India's industry of hand weaving and spinning, he himself spends hours every day in spinning and wears only homespun cloth. Indeed he expects his followers to carry out a similar program, and the Gandhi cap of coarse homespun has become a symbol of this movement. To Mahatma Gandhi politics is only one of the fields of life in which reform is needed. His challenge is primarily to men's wills. He is a prophet calling his countrymen to purify and consecrate themselves to a great cause, and no one can possibly estimate how great has been the stimulus of his appeal to young India.

Before the war Mahatma Gandhi had for years led the Indians in South Africa in their fight against oppression. There he had used the method of passive resistance with great effect. Soon after the war he tried to use the same method as a political weapon in

India, but here he found himself unable to control the violence that resulted. In 1922, because of the growing disorder in India, Gandhi was imprisoned for conspiracy to overthrow the government. On account of sickness he was soon released, and for a time retired from public life. But once more in the Congress of 1928 he emerged as the dominant figure. He had agreed with other political leaders in their boycott of the Simon Commission, which had been sent to India to examine the political situation and make recommendations to Parliament. He rejected the offer of Lord Irwin and the Labor government of a round table conference in England before any new constitution for India should be recommended to Parliament. He was the one who formulated the Congress party demand of Christmas week, 1929, for complete independence, but he insisted then, as he always has done, that the method to be used in securing independence should be that of passive resistance, and, further, that the time for starting such a campaign should be decided by a committee of sane men. The irreconcilable extremists who wanted to start immediate efforts for independence are in disagreement with Gandhi's more conservative position. On the opposite side the Liberal party also disagrees with him, since it regards dominion status as the proper goal of Indian aspirations, and strongly desires to have India accept the invitation of the friendly Labor government of Great Britain to a round table conference.

To a disinterested observer this would seem to be the right and wise step for India to take. Which of these three parties in India is to determine her course?

If Indian radicals should succeed in sweeping away the present strong government this year or within five years, the result would be nothing less than terrible chaos and bloodshed. That would be indeed a blunder which would almost destroy their own beloved motherland. The Moplah riots around Calicut in 1921 are a hint of what would probably happen. The Moplahs are fierce, intolerant Mohammedans. Indian agitators led them against the government, but when these Mohammedans rose, they committed atrocities not so much against Europeans as against their Hindu neighbors. They forced over a thousand of them at the point of the sword to become Mohammedans. If it had not been for the British military power, there is no telling how far the Moplahs would have gone. A shrewd Indian Mohammedan has said that if the British power were withdrawn, his fellow Mohammedans would come swooping down on India from the northwest, the Mohammedans in India would join them, and rivers of blood would flow. India is still too ignorant and is divided into too many castes and races and religions; there is too much mutual suspicion and hate and too little public spirit. If the British should leave tomorrow, rivers of blood would indeed flow. It would be a terrible calamity.

Many of Mahatma Gandhi's best friends feel that he goes too far in his reactions against everything Western. He is absolutely right in wanting India to keep her own distinctive civilization, but he has not succeeded and he ought not to succeed in his boycott of everything Western, even Western schools and hospitals. He and other Indian leaders are to be admired for their independence of spirit, and for their refusal to join the world in its scramble for ease and luxury. We Westerners care far too much for automobiles and movies and all sorts of mere things. Mr. Gandhi lives as a cultured gentleman while wearing the coarsest clothing and eating the plainest food. He has not wanted to see the evils of our big factory cities spread in India, and he has been right in wanting to save India from these things. Yet men like Mr. Gandhi cannot build a Chinese wall around India and keep everything Western out. For her own sake and for the sake of other peoples, she must remain a part of the modern world.

Many of India's ablest men do not believe in the spirit or the method of non-cooperation. They believe in India and her civilization, but they also see good in Britain and her civilization. They are working toward the closer cooperation of West and East. Rabindranath Tagore, in a remarkable article on "The Union of Cultures," directly combats some of Mahatma Gandhi's principles. Here are a few sentences from his article: "By their present separateness, East and West are now in danger of losing the fruits of their age-long labors. For want of . . . union, the East is suffering from poverty and inertia, and the West from lack of peace and happiness. . . . Nothing is more obvious than that the nations have come together, yet are not united. The agony of this presses on the whole world. . . . Shantam, Shivam, Advaitam—'Unity is peace, for unity is the good.' It is the dream of my heart that the culture centers of our country should also be the meeting ground of East and West." In these words the great poet shows his countrymen the open way of progress and of hope.

The East needs the West, and the West needs the East. I believe that in the end they are not going to clash in India, but are going to cooperate. Just now an assertive national feeling is very strong in India, as it is throughout the Orient. Yet the leaders of the great middle classes still look upon the British rulers as their friends. In general, so do the native princes, the great merchants and land owners, the outcastes, and many progressive leaders. Whatever may be the outcome of the present political situation, the final solution of the whole hard problem of international and race relationships must be found in Christian brotherhood. When the people of East and West shall regard each other with mutual respect and friendship and shall share with one another all that is best in their cultures, then we shall be very near to the golden days of peace on earth and good-will among men which Jesus came to bring.

Come clear the way, then, clear the way;
Blind creeds and kings have had their day.
Break the dead branches from the path;
Our hope is in the aftermath—
Our hope is in heroic men,
Star-led to build the world again.
—*Edwin Markham*

III. A VILLAGE WRESTLER

"*Jai, jai,* Appaji! *Jai, jai,* Appaji!" The shouts of the crowd rose from the sandy river-bed where the village fair was going on. Even a widow at work in the heart of the adjoining village of Nimbgaon listened eagerly.

"*Wah!*" she exclaimed. "Vithoba still smiles on our village. Our Appaji has the strength of an elephant and the quickness of a tiger. Who can withstand him!" As the noise drew nearer, she placed herself in a dark corner near the open door, where she could see all that went on in the street.

Soon the crowd of excited villagers came surging by. A cloud of dust rose around them. The gray, windowless walls of the mud houses that lined the narrow street on either side hemmed them in.

"*Jai, jai,* Appaji!" they called in rhythmic repetition. In the center of the crowd, borne aloft on the stout shoulders of some of his young fellow-villagers, was the object of all this attention, the smiling Appaji.

Around his almost bare body he had hastily thrown a thin *dhoter,* which did not conceal the rippling muscles of his arms and chest. There was a ruddy look of health about his face; and the smile with which he looked around him was a most attractive combination of amused good nature and honest pride.

No wonder the women of the village smiled, and the boys went wild with excitement. For was not this their own Appaji Bhosle who had for years been famed as the best wrestler in all the region? And had he not just now, after three years of absence from all wrestling matches, defeated the champion of the rival village, Shingavi, in the toughest bout of his career?

Most conspicuous in all the crowd, his high, clear call easily heard above the other shouts, was an eight-year-old boy who danced along beside the village hero. "My father beat him!" he called. "My father beat him!" It was Jayavant, Appaji's elder child; and when the crowd reached the village rest-house and set Appaji down, the little boy leaped into his father's arms.

In the meantime, men had gone bustling about to prepare an impromptu celebration. From somewhere a sweet-smelling garland of roses and jasmine was brought and placed about Appaji's neck. Attar of roses was sprinkled on his *uparana,* or long scarf, and sandalwood paste was placed on the back of his hand.

Appaji's acknowledgment was brief and direct, as befitted a sturdy Maratha farmer. "Friends, I thank you for honoring me thus. I am glad that by the help of God I was able to uphold the honor of our village. As you all know, I have been giving much time lately to the Satya Shodak Samaj, the Society of the Search for Truth. We aim to bring back the ancient glory of the Maratha name. No need to remind you how our Shivaji and our other heroes conquered much of India. They had Tukaram and Ramdas, the saints, as well as Shivaji, the warrior, in those days.

"If we want to regain our ancient name, we must keep up our ancient sports; but we must also once more worship God as Shivaji did—and we must send our boys to school. How else can we free ourselves from our slavery to the clever Brahman officials and the slippery money lender? I tell you that the English *sirkar* means well by us. It is the under officials of our own land who keep us down. Let us start a school for our boys!"

When he had finished, the crowd was silent. Then the gray-haired village *patil* replied: "Appaji, thou hast spoken well. Let us start a school. Then will our village not be helpless in the hands of the Brahmans and the money lenders like a lamb caught by two wolves, and we may regain our ancient glory. In speaking to us thus, thou hast done us a greater service than by winning the wrestling match. What say you? Shall we ask the government for a school? Or shall we go to the missionary?"

"The missionary sahib lives near at hand," replied Appaji. "He speaks our language and knows our ways. He is our friend. Moreover, he will teach our boys, not only to read and figure, but to keep strong, speak truth, and to worship God. I give my opinion for asking him."

A general murmur of approval came from the crowd of men who were sitting about the rest-house.

The missionary sahib was the Rev. John Greyson, well known far and wide as the people's friend. Several who were sitting there owed their lives to the relief work he had superintended in the terrible famine days of 1900. So it was decided that they should ask him for a school.

Appaji did not let the interest in the village school grow cold. He had attended a big convention of his fellow-Marathas three years before which had opened his eyes to his people's need of education. Ever since then he had been trying to have a school started in his village, but up to this time no one had shown much interest in his project. Now the *patil,* another leader, and he went to the near-by village of Chinchore, where the missionary lived, to make their request. All promised help toward the teacher's salary. Appaji himself offered to lend a rude farm building for the use of the school at the start. There were many other villages that were asking the missionary for schools, and in the last analysis it was the earnestness and sincerity of Appaji himself that finally decided Mr. Greyson to send a teacher to Nimbgaon.

Not long after Appaji's little son, Jayavant, had begun his first lessons, news of far greater events than wrestling matches reached Nimbgaon. One evening Gangaramji, the new teacher, brought his weekly newspaper to the village square and read how the

English *sirkar* had entered the World War. Soon rumors came that the government was asking for new recruits for the Maratha regiments; then, that some of the Indian army had actually gone over the "black water" to fight.

No one was more eager for the news than Appaji. No one seemed to think so much about it. Gangaramji was surprised one day to have him say, "Why should not I go? I am young and strong. Always my ancestors responded to the appeal to arms. The British *sirkar* is just and good. Will it not help us Marathas to regain our ancient honor if we do our part?"

"But how about Jayavant and little Tara and the rest of your family, Appaji?" said the teacher. Etiquette forbade his mentioning Appaji's wife by name, yet he was sure that a real affection existed between the big villager and Sitabai, his wife.

A shadow passed over Appaji's face. Nevertheless his reply was clear and simple. "They will lack for nothing. We have fields and gardens. My older brother, Balavant, is in charge of the family affairs. He will look out for them. You will give Jayavant especial care, will you not?"

"I promise you that I will," was the answer.

So in the cool dawn of a winter day, Appaji with a little group of fellow-recruits tramped away to the training camp in Poona. The good-bys to his wife and little daughter were said at home, but Jayavant ran along beside his father. Indeed, most of the men of the village came to "start them on their path."

In a few days the post-runner brought Appaji's first letter. It was addressed in a scrawling hand to Jayavant, and Gangaramji, who was postmaster as well as teacher, read it first to the family and later to the villagers. It was simple and brief, giving a glimpse of the busy life of the training camp, and bringing his greetings to his fellow-villagers and his family.

Great was the stir caused in the village by the receipt of this letter. It was gravely discussed by the village fathers. The women talked about it next morning as they gathered around the village well with their big brass water-jars to get the morning supply of water. The old *patil* summed it up when he said: "A great man is our Appaji! See how he has learned with his own hand to write a letter! His thought is always for the honor of our village and the good of our people. May Vithoba and all the gods guard him. Hey, Vishvanath, wilt say *mantras* for his safety?"

"Yea," said Vishvanath, "tomorrow they shall be said."

Now Vishvanath was the village Brahman, and he loved Appaji not at all, for that doughty wrestler had dared openly to challenge the right of the Brahmans to control the life of the village. He dared not, however, do anything but say yes. Indeed, he was very glad to receive the four-anna piece which the headman unknotted from his waist and handed to him.

Other letters from Appaji followed, in one of which he told of being made a petty officer. Then came one in which he said: "We go tonight. Take care of Tara. All thought of her marriage must await my return. Let her go to school. Remember to guard the honor of the Bhosle name."

Long weeks elapsed before the next word came, this time from Basra, port of entry of Mesopotamia. It reflected graphically the terror of the sea to the simple Indian countrymen. "In a great boat," wrote Appaji, "we went out over the black waters, broad as the sky. Soon we could see Mumbai [Bombay] no more. Then the mountains disappeared. The waters rose up and tossed our boat as I used to toss thee in our play. There lay we all, sick as children who had eaten green mangoes. We said one to another that we should never again see our homes, for the boat was lost in the great black water with no land anywhere about us, only the angry waves. Then our *kaptan* took one or two of us to the back of the boat and showed us a white path stretching back from the center of the boat. 'Does that path go all the way to Mumbai?' we asked. 'Surely it does,' he answered, 'and when the war is done, over that path shall a great boat like this bear you back.' Then were we assured that we should return to our homes. For truly I had thought that we were lost in the waste of water and never again should I set foot in Nimbgaon."

Further letters told of fierce fighting in the Euphrates valley, where even Indian troops wilted under the furnace heat.

Sitabai went often to the village shrine to pray for her husband. Finally, in a big official envelope came the word that all had dreaded. Appaji was seriously wounded. He had been in a fierce engagement in crossing a river where Turkish machine guns were playing relentlessly from the opposite bank. Two attempts to throw over a pontoon bridge had failed. A third was on the point of succeeding. Appaji and his platoon had been ordered to be the first to cross to attack the machine guns. Then the last of the engineering squad fell, leaving the bridge incomplete and useless. Appaji saw the crisis, ran through a stream of bullets to the incompleted section and, single-handed, by sheer strength, coolness, and courage, repaired the frail bridge. His platoon rushed forward, enough of them gaining the opposite bank to establish a bridge head. Night brought reinforcements, and the enemy were beaten back. But Appaji was found lying with one leg broken and two bullet wounds in his body. The letter went on to say that, in token of the gratitude of the empire for his bravery, his commander would recommend that he be awarded a decoration and receive a grant of land lying near Nimbgaon, to be handed down as an *inam* or hereditary estate from generation to generation in his line forever. Appaji was now in a hospital in critical condition, but with good hope of recovery, and when strong enough he was to be sent back to India.

After a time news came from a hospital in Bombay that he had arrived there. Then one day the post-runner brought the longed-for word that he had been allowed to leave the hospital and would reach the railroad station of Ahmednagar next morning.

"Khandoba has blessed us. He is coming home," said Sitabai with trembling voice.

As soon as possible, Balavant and Jayavant started in a bullock cart on the thirty-mile journey, and they were at the station when the train came in. At first they did not recognize the thin soldier with the large khaki-colored turban. But in a moment Jayavant rushed forward, calling, "*Bapa! Bapa!*" tears running down his cheeks in sheer joy at seeing the father who was also his hero.

Three long years had passed since Appaji had seen his boy. He held him at arm's length, and the look of love and pride deepened in his eyes as he saw what a fine, tall lad Jayavant had grown to be.

"How far have you got in school?" he asked.

"I'm just finishing the third book. Gangaramji says that I should now go on to Chinchore to the mission boarding-school, but the family does not want to send me."

"We'll arrange all that," said Appaji. "How are your mother and little Tara?"

"All well. Mother has eaten nothing since your message came. She thinks only of your coming," said Jayavant. "Tara can read and write and has taught mother a little, too."

Soon they were seated in the crude, joggling, two-wheeled cart and had started on the slow journey to Nimbgaon. As they went, Balavant told the news of village and household—the death of the *patil,* the dispute as to whose right it was to succeed him, and the consequent reopening of an old village feud; the growth of the progressive Satya Shodak Samaj in which Appaji had been so much interested, and the attempts of the village Brahman to prevent it; the fierce sudden hailstorm which had come, as it sometimes will in India, beating down the growing sugarcane in their *mala,* and a thousand other pieces of local news of intense interest to the returning soldier. Part of the way Appaji slept, but as the cart reached an eminence a few miles from his village, he looked lovingly forward to the patch of green trees in the midst of the plain that marked the site of Nimbgaon, its only two-storied house, their ancestral home, thrusting up a bit of gray in the midst of the green.

Half a mile from the village the picturesque native band of five players met the travelers, and for the rest of the journey they went in slow procession, heralded by its wild, weird music. The welcome in the village square, with garlands and speeches, was indeed a warm one. Nimbgaon had been proud of Appaji the wrestler, but her pride in Appaji the war hero was far deeper.

Then came the quiet homecoming, sweet little Tara hugging her father close, and all the household crowding around. While others were about, Sitabai contented herself with ministering to Appaji's tired body, arranging a comfortable place for him to recline, bringing him a drink, watching him with eager love. But when each little family in the larger joint family group had retired to its own section of the home, she restrained herself no longer, but even as she busied herself about the preparation of dinner, poured out truly Oriental expressions of love and care. Appaji responded and settled back in the little dark room in restfulness and utter contentment.

It is hard for us dwellers in a new country to appreciate what the village of his ancestors and of his own birth means to an Indian. All the principal interests of his life center there. The doctors had been right in thinking that what Appaji had most needed to complete his recovery was to come back to his home.

In a few weeks came the problem of Jayavant's education. He had finished the village school. Gangaramji urged Appaji to send him on to the boarding-school at Chinchore. Sitabai was fearful. Most of the women and the older men opposed such an innovation. Vishvanath the Brahman denounced the move. Jayavant would lose caste in the Christian school, he said. His companions would be Christians from among the despised outcastes. His manners would be corrupted. "Who knows but that he may himself turn Christian?" But the father was firm as a rock. The boy was to go to the Chinchore school. This school had a special hostel for Maratha boys. He could eat food cooked by his fellow-castemen and could thus observe the fundamental rules of caste. But he could study and play with the Christian boys. So one fine day Jayavant went off to Chinchore.

At first all seemed strange enough, and the Maratha lad was shy. But it doesn't take boys long to break through artificial barriers. Jayavant inherited his father's love of all games. His dearest ambition was to be a great wrestler, and it was not long before he was in demand for games of *atia-patia* and ball, while he easily vanquished even larger boys in *kusti*—the wrestling match which has, in the life of Indians, the place that football holds among American students. His mind was keen, too, and he did well at his lessons.

In the beginning Jayavant didn't know what to make of the quiet Sundays with the service in the big church; but he liked the singing. He asked, "Where is your Christian God? I want to see his image. This is his temple, isn't it?" It took him a long time to think that it was worship to sit on a bench in a big building and sing and listen to a sermon and to close one's eyes while the minister offered a prayer. The worship that he had known had been to bow and leave his little tribute of flowers or coin on the threshold of a dark shrine from the opposite wall of which glistened and gleamed the hideous features of a little stone idol. One of the young teachers soon became the boy's fast friend and talked it all over with him.

"Why don't you have a shrine and an image?" asked Jayavant.

"Because God is everywhere, like the sunlight, and is so great and good that we dare not try to picture him as an ugly image," the teacher answered. "All we need to do is to think about him and speak to him wherever we are. He is always ready to answer us."

Gradually Jayavant came to understand and enter into Christian worship. In school, too, he was studying the Bible and came to admire some of the men and women and boys and girls that it told about. When he went home for his first vacation he had many questions to ask of his father.

"My boy," said Appaji, "I have been talking much with Gangaramji about this Christian religion. Long have I felt that something was the matter with our village faith. I have thought that perhaps it was because our Brahman was a small, greedy man; but while I have been away I have come to feel that the trouble is with our religion itself. It keeps us apart from each other in different castes. It doesn't even let the Mahars into the temples. Yet over there I saw a Mahar driver save the life of my friend Manoharrao. The Christians say that all men are brothers. They are not always afraid that they have offended their

God. They say he loves them. Study their Shastras well and tell me all you learn."

And whenever he came home Jayavant did tell his father the Bible stories he had learned. He read to him from the Gospel of Mark, which had been given him in school, and Appaji thought long and deeply on all these things.

The years in school passed quickly, and soon Jayavant was a strapping boy of fifteen. He was still at Chinchore, where he was now a leader in sports and in all the school life. A movement was taking place among the older boys. Easter was approaching, and a class had been formed for those who wanted to join the church. Jayavant's most intimate friend in school was Vithal, son of a Hindu holy man, and grandson of the man who had been the most bitter opponent in all that region of the coming in of Christianity. Vithal had felt the call to become a Christian and joined the class. Jayavant was also a member and was stirred by that great sacred longing that comes to most boys at about his age. It impelled him to come out boldly as a follower of Jesus.

The World War was over and had brought to India an intense patriotism such as she had never known before. Jayavant was his father's son and shared to the full this love for his motherland. This only deepened his love for Christ, whom he had come to look upon as the only possible Savior of his country.

But the obstacles in the boy's way were staggering.

He had realized this more and more clearly when he had gone home for vacations. Never a month passed without some ceremony, in which he was expected to take part, which involved worship of the idol and old superstition. His uncle could not build a well without having the Brahman say *mantras* over it. Hinduism was woven into the very fabric of his family life.

This was not all. If he was baptized with the other boys, he would be an outcaste. Even his father and mother and little sister could no longer eat with him. His grandmother and his uncles, whom he loved, would regard him as a traitor to the family name. He would bring disgrace to them all. Quite likely no young man of good family and situation would be willing to marry his sister. It seemed to Jayavant that it meant pulling his life up by the roots. "It would be easier to die," he said to Vithal, the son of the holy man.

"Yes," Vithal replied, "it would be easier; but we aren't here to take the easy way. We must be loyal to our Master and to our motherland."

About two weeks before Easter, Jayavant surprised the missionary sahib by asking for three days' leave to go home. "I want to join the church on Easter Sunday, but I can't do it without talking it over with my father and mother," he said.

So it happened that Appaji, who was working in a field beside the road that afternoon, heard a familiar voice call, "*Aré, bapa!*" and looked up from his plow to see Jayavant running toward him. His face lit up with love and pride as he watched his tall son come nearer, yet there was lurking in his eyes an anxiety, almost a fear, that had often been there during the last year when he thought of Jayavant. Warm indeed was the greeting of father and son, between whom existed a comradeship unusual in the Orient.

"The sight of thee is like that of the new grass which springs up after the first rain. Come and sit under the big mango tree and tell me of thy school and what bringeth thee home at this time," Appaji said. So they walked over to the great tree exchanging news.

When they were seated in the quiet nook, Appaji turned to Jayavant. He had seen the traces of struggle in the boy's eyes and in his manner. "My boy, what is it?" he said.

"Father, why didst thou send me to a Christian school?" he asked.

Appaji saw in a flash what he meant. His fears had come true. He himself had come to believe in Christ as a great teacher, a great *guru*, and even as an *avatar*, or incarnation of God. He rebelled at much in Hinduism, especially against Brahman domination; but with the easy tolerance of the Indian mind, he thought to retain the old while also accepting the new. He was not prepared to brave social ostracism and break from all the life which he held so dear by seeking Christian baptism.

"I sent you there because it is a good school, that teaches boys to speak truth and keep clean as well as to read and figure. Why do you ask?" he said.

"Next Sunday Vithal and other boys are going to be baptized," Jayavant replied.

"And thou wishest to join them?" asked Appaji.

"For weeks the thought of it has been with me," said Jayavant. "Sometimes it has been as a ball of fire in my stomach. When Vithal my friend decided, I went off into the field alone to pray and think it over. Then there came to me as it were a message from heaven, saying, 'Fear not, I will be with thee.' And I knew that God was calling me to brave every difficulty and be baptized. So I asked *raza,* and here I am."

Appaji was silent for a long time. Then he said, "If thou doest this thing, thou canst never again live in our home or eat with us. No girl of our caste will marry thee. Thou wilt become an outcaste. Disgrace will come upon all our house. Hast thou thought of all this?"

"Yes, I have thought of it. Worst of all, *bapa,* I cannot be near thee." Jayavant could say no more for a long time. Great sobs shook him. Finally he added, "What will mother think, and Balavant *kaka?*"

Appaji was no less deeply moved. At length he replied, "God knows what they will say or do. As for me, I have feared this. It has been as a heavy burden on my head all the time. Yet I will not command thee not to do it. If I thought right to risk my life for the *sirkar,* why should not my son risk life and more for his Master and his motherland?" He laid his arm across Jayavant's shoulder and said earnestly, "We shall have a hard time at home tonight. Let us pray God to strengthen us both."

There in the field they prayed, Jayavant leading in earnest, simple words. Then they walked to the village and through the massive gate in the bastioned wall built in the old days to keep out the robber bands, through the gray village street to their own home. The cattle had just come from the common pasture and jostled them in the street. They met the village *patil,* who gave Jayavant a warm greeting. Every familiar sight and sound of the village seemed peculiarly dear to the boy, and he realized with fresh force what it was going to mean to give up the old life.

That evening, with the men of the household gathered together, sitting cross-legged in a circle, and the women hovering in doorways behind, Jayavant told of his decision. A shriek from his grandmother interrupted the story.

"What sayest thou, Jayavant? Dost thou mean to tell us that thou wilt go into the Christian church and let the Christian pastor defile thee and make an outcaste of thee?"

"Yes, *aji,*" said Jayavant, for he knew that further reply was useless.

"And art thou, Appa, going to allow Jayavant to drag our fair name in the mire by his foolhardy, childish act?" she said, turning fiercely to Appaji.

"The boy has received a command from God to do this thing, and I may not stand in his way," replied Appaji.

Shriek upon shriek from the old grandmother and the other women greeted this statement.

"*Aré!* Did I bear Appa for this—that he should blacken all our faces? Where will my granddaughters find husbands when our friends know what has come in our household? Why are the gods thus angry with us? As for me, I swear that the day he does this thing, that day I cast myself into the well."

When exhaustion brought comparative quiet, Balavant spoke. As oldest brother and head of the joint family, he had large authority in all important family affairs. "Mother, be silent," he said. "Jayavant, I command thee to give up this silly idea. Better that thou cast thyself into the well and drown than that thou shouldest do such a thing. I warn thee that we shall not allow it." A murmur of assent went around.

"Uncle, I cannot give it up," cried Jayavant.

After an hour of futile discussion, the family council broke up in bitter anger against Jayavant and Appaji. Worst of all for the boy were the tears and reproaches of his own mother, when they went back into their rooms. It was indeed a terrible ordeal for a boy who loved his home and people as Jayavant did.

The nights were warm, and the men and boys slept in the open courtyard of the house. Before they went to sleep Appaji said in quick, low tones, "My boy, thy uncle Balavant and thy grandmother are very angry. They may try to kidnap thee or even poison thee. Before daylight thou must be gone. And do not stay in Chinchore. Tell the sahib to send thee away somewhere for a time, until their anger grows cold." Long before dawn, accordingly, Jayavant was on his way back to Chinchore, with Godspeed from his father.

Again excitement reigned when the family awoke next day and found Jayavant gone. It was soon arranged that the uncles should follow and demand the boy from the missionary sahib. "Thou shalt come with us, too, Appaji, and shalt assent to our demand," said Balavant. Much to Appaji's disgust, Balavant also invited Vishvanath, the village Brahman. But when they arrived in Chinchore they did not find Jayavant there, and no amount of angry demands from the uncles could discover where he had gone.

Easter Sunday came and went. Appaji's thoughts were far away, wondering about his son, where he was, whether he had taken the final irrevocable step, and, most of all, whether he too should not take his stand beside his plucky boy. Some days later Gangaramji handed Appaji a letter. He could scarcely wait to open it. Jayavant wrote that he had arrived in Chinchore just in time to be sent on with a bullock cart to Ahmednagar and thence to Satara, where on Easter Sunday he had been baptized. He hoped and prayed that his father and the rest might some day share the happiness of this experience. He wanted to return to school at Chinchore soon, and hoped that his father would come to see him there. He sent loving greetings to his mother and sister.

After some thought, Appaji decided to tell the news at once to all the household, and he did so. Again there was an uproar. Again the grandmother in an abandon of despair swore that she would take her life. Balavant, being an orthodox Hindu, went at once to Vishvanath the Brahman with the tale, and that evening a crowd of villagers, some angry, some grave, and some merely curious, gathered at the village square to talk over this untoward event. Appaji quietly joined the group. He listened with the rest to the Brahman's bitter attack on himself and Jayavant, on the Satya Shodak Samaj, the liberal society to which the Brahman with reason blamed this occurrence, on Gangaramji, and on the Christian school. Two or three of the older villagers echoed his views.

Then Appaji himself rose and looked about the circle of faces. "Chintaman Patil, there is something that I would say about this."

"Say on," said Chintaman.

"Twice before have I been before you here," said Appaji; "once when I had won the wrestling match and ye did me honor, and once when I returned from the war and ye did me even higher honor. I won the wrestling match for the honor of our village and as an example for all our young men. I went to the war for the sake of our old Maratha glory and for the good of our motherland. Now listen to me. Never did we need God's help more than we need it now. The *sirkar* is giving us home rule. Soon we shall have to elect those who are to rule over us. Where shall we find men who will hold even the balance between friend and foe and who will serve our common good?" He paused and a murmur went about the circle, for the spirit of public service was well-nigh unknown. "Has our religion prepared us for this? Will Vishvanath and his *mantras* help us? No. But the religion of Christ will help us. He teaches men to think of others. I know that his religion is true. When I was wounded, men came to take me to the hospital, risking their lives for my sake. They bore upon their clothes the symbol of Christ's cross. And when I was in the hospital a white nurse served me night and day, caring for me like a sister. She too wore on her arm a red cross. I have thought about this, and I have decided that I will join my boy Jayavant and that I too will become a Christian."

These were bold words for Appaji to say before Vishvanath; so bold that they left his hearers speechless. Some shook their heads, but after a time one of the younger men spoke.

"Appaji, thou art right. Thou hast ever been the best leader of our village. I have listened to the

Chinchore sahib's talk, and it is true. Some day all of us will be Christians."

"Yes," answered Appaji, "and that day is not far distant. Already in South India thousands of men of like caste with us in several districts have become Christians. Here the Satya Shodak Samaj grows stronger every year. Soon ye too shall come to see that Christ is the hope of our motherland."

Then the meeting broke up, some holding with Vishvanath, but many openly siding with Appaji.

Next morning, under Vishvanath's influence, a few of the pupils did not go to the Christian school. Most of the parents, however, refused to be moved by his threats and arguments.

Appaji went to Chinchore. He easily satisfied Mr. Greyson that he was ready to take a Christian stand, and when Jayavant came back from Satara, the simple baptismal ceremony was performed.

That was the critical step which meant for Appaji a final break with all, except Jayavant, who had meant most to him. From now on he was, in the eyes of his family, an outcaste. He could no longer live in his own home, and for a time he sought and found employment at Chinchore. Sitabai refused to see her husband or let little Tara see him. He took every opportunity to send them messages, but he received no reply. Many a hard fight against lonesomeness and longing for home and village did Jayavant and he fight together. But after many months, the glad word came from Sitabai that she could bear the separation no longer and would come to live with him. Arrangements were quickly made, and Sitabai with Tara came to Chinchore. At first she tried to observe the rules of caste, but the Christian influences about her were too strong, and finally both she and Tara joined the church. The family reunion was complete, and joy again crowned their humble home.

No one can measure the influence of the example of Appaji and Jayavant in their own village and in all the region. Today Maratha boys are crowding the village schools and several have gone to the boarding-school. Some of them believe in Christ and intend openly to follow Jayavant's example by being baptized. The strength of the Satya Shodak Samaj and other agencies of reform among the middle classes grows. More and more of the slow-moving but substantial farmers, who form the backbone of India's life, are saying openly that they will all some day become Christians. When will that day come? No one can say. Appaji and Jayavant are praying and working for it. Who knows but that they are to play a leading part in the winning of the middle-class millions of India?

The present movements among the respectable farmer castes of India mean a great deal for the future. In 1919 the able Montagu-Chelmsford report, on the basis of which the British Parliament put into effect a new plan of government for India, described the condition of the Indian cultivators as that of "bovine contentment." It was at about the same time that I suggested to an ardent city politician who was a Brahman that the villagers had a fund of shrewd common sense that every leader would do well to respect. "These villagers? What are they? Stones!" was his contemptuous reply. To their cost, the high-caste people of different parts of the country are finding that the middle classes are not stones. These once stolid farmers are rousing themselves and intend to play their part in the new life of India. Indeed, in the Madras Presidency the so-called non-Brahman party sometimes controls the legislative council. In other parts of India also, and notably in the Maratha country, non-Brahman leaders are coming to the fore in the realm of politics. The story of Appaji gives a hint of their awakening to the need of education.

One of the most interesting events in the progress of Christianity in India in the last two years has been a mass movement among middle-class villagers in one section of Hyderabad state. These newly enrolled Christians are showing an enthusiasm, a readiness to give of their time and of their money, and a capacity to endure persecution, that give promise of great things for the future. It is a noteworthy fact that the principal leader of this movement at the start was a man from among the despised outcastes, who had been touched and transformed by Christ.

But for the missionaries, these humble orders of Hindu society will for ever remain unraised. . . . To the Christian missionaries belongs the credit of having gone to their humble homes, and awakened them to a sense of a better earthly existence. This action of the missionary was not a mere improvement upon ancient history, a kind of polishing and refining of an existing model, but an entirely original idea, conceived and carried out with commendable zeal, and oftentimes in the teeth of opposition and persecution. . . . the heroism of raising the low from the slough of degradation and debasement was an element of civilization unknown to ancient India.—*An Eminent Brahman Official in Travancore.*

IV. OUT OF THE MIRE

This chapter pictures the life of one of the most pitiful figures of the world, the Indian outcaste. In considering India's treatment of him we Americans should pause before we condemn, for the Indian outcaste is a product of the color prejudice and class prejudice which have a habitat in our own land as well as across the sea. One has only to think of the lynchings and other more subtle persecutions to which the Negroes of America have been and are today subject, to realize that we should approach this pitiful side of Indian life in no spirit of intolerance, but rather in that of humility.

We have come through the narrow, winding street of a little Indian village and are passing out through the large iron-bound gate in the village wall, when we hear sounds of quarreling.

"*Are,* Rama! Get out of my way! Your father was a donkey and your ancestors were pigs! Get out of my way, I say!" More and still more abuse pours in loud tones from the mouth of an old woman. She is one of a crowd of Indian outcastes gathered in an open space beyond the village proper and near the tumble-down huts which make up the outcaste quarter. They are unkempt, and their scanty clothing is, for the most part, ragged and filthy. Now they are pushing each other angrily.

As the circle opens for a moment, one can see what it is all about. There on the ground is the bloody carcass of a dead bullock. Its hide has been stripped off and taken away as a precious prize. Those nearest are trying to hack off pieces of meat. They are spotted with blood. When those of the outer group try to come up to get their share, they are roughly pushed back by those who are nearer.

A fourteen-year-old boy breaks from the group and runs toward his house with a great strip of meat. He wears a dirty little cloth about his loins, nothing more. His body is covered with dirt, and there are sores upon his legs and head.

A few in the group are muscular. The majority are thin and weak. They are Mahars by caste, the scavengers of the village, and the prize over which they are quarreling is the flesh of the bullock that had fallen dead in the village that morning.

A fine-looking village headman walks by with averted face in which one can clearly read his dislike of the scene. To him, as to all Hindus of good caste, the bullock is a sacred animal. He loathes the thought of eating its meat, and as for touching the flesh of an animal that has died of disease, it is utterly disgusting to him—just as it is to us.

A boy from the outer group sees us and comes running up to appeal for our support. "Rama and his brothers will not let our party have any of the meat. They claim it all. *Bali to kan pili.*"[1]

"Is it their turn to do the village work?" we ask.

"Yes," he replies; "but always when it is our turn we have allowed their party to have some of the meat. That has been the custom of our village."

By this time Rama and the rest have seen us. They all know us as the missionaries who are the special friends of their village and in charge of its little Christian school. Probably from a sense of shame, the quarrel subsides. Some come up to say salaam to the sahibs, while others remain at work about the carcass.

Picture fifty-three million people sentenced by society to live lives like this. Outside of each village are the outcaste quarters where such people exist in little dark mud huts. There may be several outcaste groups living in separate quarters near the same village. It is one of the most pathetic aspects of their life that each *panchama,* or outcaste, group keeps aloof from every other. Those among them who regard themselves as higher despise the lower, just as the high-caste man despises them all. The Mahars despise and hate the Mangs, who are their fellow-outcastes. In the same way the Malas of South India will have nothing to do with their neighbors, the Madigas. So the whole vicious system of dislike and contempt goes on.

The Mahars are better off than many other outcaste groups, but I have introduced you to them because they are the outcastes whom I know best. They clean the village of refuse and dead animals, and eat the meat. They are, in general, the village servants and messengers. At all times a certain number of them are on duty in the village to do anything that the headman may ask. Like other outcastes, their moral standards are low, and they have no strong principles against cheating and stealing. Yet they will carry hundreds of rupees of village money to the treasury of the district and never dream of touching any of it. That is part of their caste morality. Furthermore, if they could not be trusted with money, they would lose their job as village servants.

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[1] "The strong man twists others' ears."

In return for their services to the village, the Mahars of each village receive a poor piece of land called *hadola,* or the place of bones, because here they are supposed to deposit the bones of the village animals. They also have the right to beg from door to door in the village during the time when it is their turn to do the village service. Jingle-jangle go the iron chains on the end of the Mahar's stick as he waits in front of a caste man's door. He dare not knock or shout; he must simply jangle his stick. "Who's there?" shouts the farmer. "Maruti Mahar," answers the outcaste. The farmer's lip curls. "Here, throw him this," he says, and gives his wife a broken piece of bread. Or, if he likes Maruti, he may send him out a measure of uncooked grain. Poor wages, yet the Mahar will not surrender his right to a turn at the village service or his claim on the *hadola* land. These things are all he has. If you ask him about it, he may answer with a shrug and a native saying, "*Anterun pangarun pahun pai pasarale pahije,*" meaning, "One must pay attention to the size of his blanket in stretching out his legs." Without his "rights" he would have no position in society at all; so he clings to his beggar privileges and is even ready to fight for them.

Among the outcastes are groups which have each its own peculiar position, moral standards, and duties. Some groups are rope makers, others are leather workers. Many have little other occupation than that of farm laborers, and some are almost slaves of the caste men who own the farms on which they work. They all eat meat, most of them the meat of the sacred cow, and many of them the carrion flesh of dead animals. This is what pollutes them most in the eyes of high-caste Hindus.

A few individuals among them have become moderately prosperous as farmers, traders, or even as college-bred professional men. Others have gone off to the city to work in the mills and at various sorts of coolie labor, living for the most part in the city slums. But the great majority remain in the country, clinging to the fringe of the village. In times of good harvest they may have enough for a meager living, adding now and then to their regular food a gruesome feast on the cattle that die in the village. When things go well with them, it is truly wonderful to see how quickly they forget their privations. They love a wedding feast, and at such a celebration often show that they have not forgotten how to joke and laugh.

But what can they do when the rain fails and famine comes? They are naturally the ones who suffer first and most. Godfrey Phillips, in *The Outcastes' Hope,* wrote of South India that he had "seen a man come home late at night to a family of five persons with a smile of triumph at his success, and all he had brought in a filthy pot as his day's wages was a mess of millet gruel about equivalent to the porridge which two English children take for breakfast, and this was the sole nourishment of five persons for that twenty-four hours. The householder next door had failed altogether, and he and his family had gone hungry to bed after drinking a little salt and water at food time."

How does it happen that one-sixth of all India's people have for thousands of years been living in such a way as this? The answer seems to be in one Indian word *varna,* which, in this use, means classes based on color—color prejudice. Two great waves of invasion swept down over India from the north—first the brown Dravidians, then the white Aryans. They found already settled in the land tribes of darker people of a low civilization. Some of these moved farther south. Others were driven into the mountains and forests, where they became the ancestors of the wild hill tribes and hunter people. Still others the conquerors made into serfs, and these became the village outcastes. The customs of these serfs were repulsive to the conquerors. Partly in self-protection, partly in contempt, they refused to let them live in their villages. They would neither eat with them nor have any social intercourse with them.

I have been in a village in which the villagers had just made a barricade of thorns to prevent Mahars from defiling one of the streets of the village by walking in it. In some parts of India the outcastes must still get out of the road when a high-caste man comes anywhere near, in order that they may not pollute even the air he breathes. The outcaste may not use the village well. Sometimes his wife and children have to go two miles to draw and carry home every drop of water used. Do you wonder that they are often dirty? No outcaste is ever allowed inside the Hindu temple. He would be assaulted if he tried to go in. So he builds his own little shrine outside the village or simply puts a rock up on end, smears it with red paint and worships that. Fear of demons, goblins, and the mysterious powers about him is the principal element in his religion. He often tries to win the favor of these powers by strange sacrifices and self-torture.

Until Christianity came, India had not conceived of any better life for the outcastes. "As soon may a black puppy be changed to a white one as a barber become a Brahman." So writes a popular Indian author. Manu, the great Hindu lawgiver, speaking of certain outcastes, lays down the following rule: "The abode of a Chandala and a Swapaca must be out of the town; they must not have the use of entire vessels; their sole wealth must be dogs and asses. Their clothes must be the mantles of the deceased; their dishes for food, broken pots; their ornaments, rusty iron; continually must they roam from place to place. Let no man who regards his duty, religious and civil, hold any intercourse with them, let their transactions be confined to themselves, and their marriages be only between equals." Hinduism taught that outcastes were suffering in their present life the just penalty of sins committed in some previous existence. Thus it was religion itself which forged the shackles and riveted them on the outcaste. Does it not seem almost impossible to think of any religion teaching such things? It is only human to try to help those who are weak and poor. Yet with the high-caste Hindu, it came to be part of his religious duty to keep the outcaste down.

The pitiful fact is that even the outcastes themselves have generally accepted their lot as part of the divine order. A few of them have won their way to fame as poets and religious leaders, but only a very few. Until recently almost none of them have tried to rise or have thought that they could rise. Have you ever seen a group of prisoners with their striped prison suits and their dull, lifeless faces? India's outcastes are not bound by steel handcuffs or chains, but they often go about with the hopeless look of prisoners. For perhaps two thousand years their ancestors have been outcastes. Meet one of them anywhere and ask him, "Who are you?" He will look up, sometimes with callous indifference, sometimes with apology and shame, and say, "I am a Mahar," or, "I am a Mang." That is all he thinks you would care to know. He does not tell you his name. He is just one of that group, like the prisoner who is known by his prison number.

"Don't you want to be clean?" asked a missionary of a filthy pariah woman. "Why should I want to be clean? I am a pariah," was the frank reply. I have seen a high-caste girl of twelve in the city street screaming filthy abuse in shrill, angry tones at an outcaste girl of her own age. She picked up mud from the dirty street and threw it at the sweeper child, who made no reply but ran away, a look of fear and utter hopelessness on her face that I shall never forget. Which of these girls do you pity more—the one doomed to be always an outcaste, or the one whose religion made it natural for her to treat another little girl of her own age in such a way? Try to think of a rural village in North America in which the farm hands may not live with the farmers or drink from their well, but every night must go to a little huddled slum clearly separated from the rest of the village. Off in still another quarter are the cobblers and shoe dealers and butchers. Their children may not follow any other trade than that of their parents. They too must live out their lives in the same huts. Despised outcastes from birth! Can you imagine it?

It is one of the wonderfully beautiful things about a true Christian that he always tries to help the poorest and the lowest. Paul won most of his converts from among the slaves and lower classes of the Roman empire. "For behold your calling, brethren," he writes to the Christians of Corinth, "that not many wise after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble, are called: but God chose the foolish things of the world, that he might put to shame them that are wise; and God chose the weak things of the world, that he might put to shame the things that are strong; and the base things of the world, and the things that are despised, did God choose, yea, and the things that are not, that he might bring to nought the things that are."

Christian missionaries would have been false to their Master if they had not gone to the outcastes. One of the greatest mission stations in India began by the winning of a few miserable outcaste beggars living in a poorhouse. Everywhere it has been from these classes that most of the Christian converts have come. Do you wonder that many of them turned to a religion which recognizes them as real men and women rather than as little more than animals, especially when the missionaries not only talked about God's love, but also made the message vital by starting hospitals, establishing schools, working to secure for the outcaste some of his rights as a man, and by a thousand expressions of Christian friendliness?

Yet modern missions had been in India for sixty years before any large number of outcastes caught the meaning of Christianity for them. It was the famine of 1876-79 in South India that led them to come into the church by whole groups and in large numbers. That was a terrible famine. People died by the millions. The missionaries threw themselves into relief work. During the famine they did not baptize any converts. All they could think of was to try to save the lives of those who were starving. But all the time they were preaching better sermons than words could express. "These missionaries, although they are white people, care for us." That was the first and most surprising thought to a people used to nothing but contempt from the upper classes. "They tell us that their God cares for us too. They are ready to start schools for our children. Shall we not become Christians?"

So they talk it over among themselves. Some urge the step. Others cling to their old worship. After a while a part go to the missionary and say that they want to become Christians. He welcomes the group and asks them whether they are ready to give up entirely their idols and worship the one God who is their heavenly Father.

"Yes, excellency. The Hindus keep us out of their temples. Our own gods have done us no good. We will give them up."

"And will you go to church regularly and learn how to worship and live in the Christian way?"

"Yes, excellency."

"And will you give up immoral living, stealing, and the eating of the flesh of dead animals?"

Probably they have known beforehand that these questions would be asked and have already made up their minds.

"Yes, excellency. Send us a Christian teacher, and we will try to do all these things."

"And will you send your children to school?"

"Yes, we will."

So the Christian teacher is sent, and they are enrolled as inquirers. The missionary comes to their village as often as he can to encourage them in their purpose. After some months, if they keep their promise and show signs of true Christian character, they are baptized.

It was something like this that happened in South India after the famine days about forty years ago, and from that day to this mass movements have been going on in different parts of India all the time. Over two hundred thousand have become Christians in the Telugu country to the south. Far north in the Punjab the outcastes of whole regions have been baptized. Probably not far from a million outcastes have become Christians in the last ten years.

In many parts of India the numbers who now desire to become Christians are overwhelming. They are far greater than the missionaries or Indian Christian leaders can handle. I went with Pastor Samuel through the villages of his parish in the Madura District. Everywhere eager groups came out to speak with him. "You have many inquirers in your parish," I said.

He looked up quickly and answered, "I could baptize a thousand this year if I had money enough to send them a few teachers." He could find the teachers, but he did not have the money for their salaries, although only sixty to eighty dollars a year would be required for each. Bishop Fred B. Fisher of the American Methodist Episcopal Church in the interesting book, *India's Silent Revolution*, tells of being at a conference where ninety-one thousand people who wanted to become Christians had to be refused because there were no teachers to send. He estimated that with a larger force of missionaries and Indian pastors and teachers, probably ten million would commit themselves to the Christian life in the next thirty years.

In some of the mass movement areas no person is now received into the church until his entire village group is ready to come with him. "Go back and win your village and then come to me," is what the missionary says to the inquirer. To have all come at once lessens persecution and gives the community greater strength to meet it. The caste system has made it natural to treat the outcastes in masses. That is the way the caste men treat them. They themselves naturally think that way and act that way. It is only after they become Christian that many of them show strong individual character.

One of the most interesting ways of solving the problem of getting Christian leaders for the mass movement has been the training of the headmen of the outcaste communities in short courses. The missionaries invite anywhere from twenty-five to two hundred of these headmen for a course lasting two or three weeks. Bishop Fisher describes such a course: "A popular method is learning hymns. The Indian Christian hymn is no dilettante matter. It is frequently two hours long and sometimes covers Christ's birth, death, and resurrection, winding up with a long series of observations on what sort of life a Christian should lead." At the end of the course, the headmen go back to teach their communities what they have learned.

Have I made it look like an easy and simple thing for outcastes to become Christians? I hope not. Often it is far from easy. They have to make a break from their whole past. Frequently they have to suffer bitter persecution. The wonder is that they almost always stand firm under it. There is a bigoted village off in the far corner of the district in which I worked.

Most of the outcastes in this village were baptized. The caste men then refused to employ them in the village work or in their fields. A little while afterwards a mob of caste villagers attacked them with sticks and left some of them half dead. The injured men were taken to a dispensary, but the caste men bribed the doctor not to make a true report. They also bribed the police official to whitewash the case. A little later some caste men, in the dead of night, set fire to the thatch roofs of the huts of some of the outcastes, leaving them homeless as well as penniless and in daily fear of fresh attacks. But the outcastes did not renounce their Christian profession, and I marveled as I saw the way these ignorant villagers stood firm. Finally the caste men of the village stopped their persecution and accepted the situation.

But persecution like this is growing less. One of the most interesting results of the work of Christian missionaries in India has been its effect on the attitude of the best Indians toward the outcastes. The Arya Samaj, a powerful and vigorous reform movement, stands ready to put the outcastes through a ceremony whereby they may become "touchables" and recognized members of the Hindu community. The late Lala Lajpat Rai, the best-known leader of the Arya Samaj, frankly acknowledged that educated Hindus are alarmed at the number of outcastes who are becoming Christians. He called upon his countrymen to give up their prejudices and admit the outcaste.

He said, "The Christian missionary is gathering the harvest, and no blame can attach to him for doing so. He is in this country with the message of his God, and if the Hindus forsake their own people, he, in any case, will not fail them."

The following is from a vivid description of the ceremony whereby an outcaste group was actually "converted" to Hinduism by a member of the Arya Samaj. The account tells of the steps taken for the purification of the outcastes and of the assembly of the higher caste people to see the final ceremony. "After taking the vow of clean living and clean thinking, and pouring in his libation to the fire, the hour-before-human-shaped-soulless animal rises up at the command of the teacher, metamorphosed into a full-fledged human being, with a distinctly perceptible light of the soul shining in his features. The high-caste men of the village take candies offered by his hands, lead him to the village well, and permit him to draw water out of it. The body, with its newly possessed soul, quivers at the unexpected indulgence and hesitates for a moment; but the fraternal encouragement of the whole village community gives him heart, and, led by the *guru,* he walks up the steps of the well and pulls the rope. His centuries-old disabilities are removed by this one act, his self-respect is restored to him, and his sense of humanity completed. For though a Sudra still, he is no longer untouchable, his touch pollutes no more." How many have thus been restored to Hindu respectability as an indirect result of Christian missions it is impossible to say.

Liberal Hindus have started a Mission to the Depressed Classes which sends its high-caste missionaries among these people. Mahatma Gandhi has himself adopted an outcaste child. He and the choicest of his followers have demonstrated a willingness to brave public opinion and to suffer persecution in their efforts to save the outcastes from oppression and to give them a recognized place in the life of the land. There is now a growing movement to allow the outcastes to enter the temples. It is not too much to say that the work of the Christian missionaries is having a large part in raising the position in the Indian social system of fifty-three million oppressed people.

Perhaps the very best work which the missionaries are doing to win the high-caste people of India to Christ is done when they are not working for them at all. Perhaps it is done when the missionaries go into the little dirty *panchama* huts to raise the level of the life of the despised outcastes. Many Indian leaders have seen in this the real Christian gospel, an object lesson in Christian brotherhood. It is stimulating all India to higher ideals.

An interesting fact about the winning of the outcastes is that in the very districts in which many outcastes have become Christians, the sturdy middle classes are now moving toward Christianity. "If you work for these pariahs, we will never become Christians," they said to the missionaries at first; but now they are saying, "If your religion can do so much for these people, can it not help us too?"

What sort of Christians do these outcaste Indians make? All sorts. Some are very crude and low. Some are among the noblest Christians to be found anywhere in the world. When we see what poor Christians many of us in "Christian" America are, with fifteen hundred years of Christianity back of us, we shall not expect all of these people, who have been living in the mire, to become pure saints at once. They have set their faces toward the light. That is the important fact.

Until a few years ago the leading Christian of a large district in India was the late Vinayakrao Uzagare. His father was an outcaste and became the first Christian in all that region. The father endured much persecution, but in the end he won his own relatives by his patience and persistence. Vinayakrao grew up in a Christian home and went to a Christian school. He was a "second-generation Christian." They are the real test of what Christianity can do for the outcaste, because Christ has a chance at them from childhood.

Vinayakrao was a large, athletic boy. He was so strong that he could never find another boy of his age powerful enough to be a real opponent. He loved to wander in the fields and mountains near his home and was not afraid of anything. His father gave him the best education he could, that of the Ahmednagar High School, and Vinayakrao took a position on the railroad. Frank and open, with force of character that went well with his physical power, he had every promise of success in business. But he felt a call to go into Christian work. So he gave up his business prospects, studied in a theological seminary, and went out on a salary of seven dollars a month as the pastor of a little native church far from the city.

There he threw himself into the service of his church and the Christian school. He won such respect that a Brahman of the town was glad to teach in his school, and all classes in the town turned to him. British government officials noticed and praised his fearless fight against evil and his power for good. After a time he was put at the head of the Christian school system of the entire mission district. Then, by the general request of his colleagues, he was made superintendent of Christian work for the district, doing the work that a foreign missionary had formerly done, and doing it in many ways better than a missionary ever could do it. Generous to a fault, he gave of his small income till he himself sometimes went almost in rags. Brave, he nursed a man who had the most fearful of Indian diseases, Asiatic cholera, and he would take a stand that he felt right against the fiercest opposition, although he could labor with loving patience to try to win a man or to settle a quarrel. I am proud to count him in the little inner circle of those who have been my most intimate friends.

Miracles? You do not have to turn to the record of past ages to find them. If you could have met Vinayakrao you would have come away, as I always came away from a talk with him, wondering at the Power that had molded from an outcaste such a nobleman of God and such an apostle of Christ. All over India you can find such men. Most of them will never be heard of beyond their own districts. It is they who are the backbone of the Christian movement in India.

There are other Christians of outcaste origin who are more brilliant and no less devoted than Vinayakrao. Among them are some who have won high position in law and medicine and who are now leading citizens of Indian cities, received as equals by Brahmans and Englishmen. One of the able students of a great American university in recent years was such an Indian. No American student could excel him in charm of manner, in instinctive refinement, or in Christian consecration. He earns all his expenses while in America by lecturing on India, and he is so popular and successful that he was offered a large income if he would become a regular lecturer. But he has dedicated his life to the service of his own country, and he is going back to work for India.

When I think of India's outcastes, I am reminded of one of nature's greatest miracles. Out of the mold of vegetable matter, through the pressure of the ages, she has formed the great coal beds on which our factories depend for power and our homes for heat. Then from this same material, by a process so long that we can only dimly imagine it, nature has fashioned diamonds. So, from the crude human material of the outcastes of India, God is fashioning diamonds like Vinayakrao. And he calls us to be his partners in this great work.

मनुष्याचा पुत्र
हरपलेले शोधायास व तारायास
आला आहे

From the Marathi New Testament
Luke 19:10

The Son of Man came to seek and to save that which was lost.

V. BORN TO BE ROBBERS

TEVAN was excited. He had every reason to be, for he was out on his first real "expedition." He was a well-built, muscular boy of sixteen, a Piramalai Kallar by caste. Piramalai means behind the mountain, and Kallar means robber. The Piramalai Kallars took refuge centuries ago behind the Naga-Malai or Snake Mountain in the Madura District in South India. Thence they have spread over a wide section of dry country where they till the rocky soil, which yields them only a scant living in good seasons. It is utterly inadequate when the rains fail, and then? Why, there are plenty of well-to-do merchants to be robbed. The Piramalai Kallars scarcely need this incentive of necessity to crime, for robbery is the very spice of life to them.

Think of being born into a family and into a community where every male is expected to be a robber, and where a good father will not consider giving an attractive daughter to any young man who has not proved his worth by his skill and boldness in several dacoities, or stealing expeditions!

Had Tevan received any education? Oh, yes. From early boyhood he had been taught by his father how to move about safely and noiselessly at night, how to place the deadly knife securely in his knotted hair where it would be ready for an emergency, how to tell lies successfully in case of need, how to cover his tracks when he was pursued. This teaching had been reinforced by many a tale of bold attack and thrilling escape told at the village rest-house, where the men gathered in the evening. Moreover, he had learned the simple traditions and practices of the primitive Indian farmer and had become skilled in bull baiting, the favorite sport of the Kallars.

Had he learned to read and write? Of course not. How would that help him to steal or to plow? And did he know that stealing and murdering were wrong? How should he? He had gone regularly with his family and fellow-villagers to worship the little black image of Kuruppan which stood on a platform under a tree. They asked Kuruppan's blessing when they started out on a dacoity, and they offered him their thanks when they returned successful. It was their god who gave them skill and cunning. He was the god of robbery. "The official takes bribes, the merchant sands the sugar, but we choose a more open, courageous way of gathering the loot," is what his father might say if he were reproached for a robbery. But Tevan would have no such answer to make. He would simply be amazed if anyone should hint to him that stealing was wrong. "I am a Kallar," he would reply, and that would seem to him enough. To betray a comrade would be wrong, but to steal and lie and even, if necessary, to murder was his duty as a Kallar and would win him favor with his god and with his fellow-men.

And so he was standing on tiptoe, waiting for the word to go forward into his first adventure. It was a big adventure, and that he had been chosen was an indication of how promising a pupil he was. This was not an affair of cattle stealing, but of breaking into a rich native merchant's house. The merchant had refused to pay a Kallar watchman for protecting his house. These watchmen do not watch. They merely come around once a month for their pay; but it is understood that no Kallar will rob a house whose owner pays tribute. So this robbery had a double motive. They were seeking both booty and revenge.

There were eight Kallars in the party, and they had tramped thirty miles that day. Now it was two o'clock in the morning, and they all stood barefooted, their dark brown bodies naked save for a loin cloth, and greased so that they might easily wriggle out of anyone's grasp. The word to start was given. Tevan's father, Vellian, laid his hand on his son's shoulder as a last token of warning and encouragement. Then silently they moved to the house. A window was forced open, and Tevan slipped through and opened the door to let the others in.

Inside they paused long enough to allow their eyes to become used to the darkness. They could tell where the merchant lay, by the noise of heavy breath-ing. Tevan and one other had been assigned to that corner. The other carried a heavy stick and stood over the sleeper, ready to club him into unconsciousness if he woke up during the operation.

With skilful fingers Tevan found the rich man's coat and, feeling in the pocket, discovered a watch and chain and a fat pocketbook. Grasping this coat, he crept noiselessly out, stopping only to take a servant's bundle which his foot stumbled against near the door. He was the first back at the rendezvous; soon two more came, stooping under the weight of a heavy box which they had carried out of the sleeping-room so silently that no one was disturbed.

When all had returned, a formidable amount of loot lay piled before them.

"Kuruppan has blessed us," said the leader. "Let us hurry away before the alarm is given." So without waiting to return for a second haul, they started. Earlier in the night they had "borrowed" a cart and a pair of bullocks, and long before daybreak they were on their way to the village, most of the party sleeping in various positions of discomfort in the crude two-wheeled cart, while the leader drove the bullocks, keeping a sharp lookout for danger.

Now it was unfortunate for the success of Tevan's first expedition that this merchant happened to be having a poor night. It was not long after the robbers had started that he woke up and flashed his night light to see what time it was. He was wide awake at once when he realized that his coat was gone. Quickly lighting a lamp, he took in his losses. Then with a loud shout he woke up his family and servants.

The second unlucky circumstance of that night for the Kallars was the fact that the police superintendent of the Madura District was camping only a few miles away in a village on the same macadamized road, and it was scarcely more than half an hour before he too was aroused. Soon an automobile with an English sahib at the wheel, and with five Indian policemen crowded in, was tearing back over the road. It took the police sahib only a short time to recognize the work of the Piramalai Kallars, and his plan of campaign was formed at once. One automobile load was to go ahead as far as the roads would carry them toward the Snake Mountain country; then they were to spread out and watch the most likely roads and paths. The police superintendent and his posse mounted their horses and, following the rough cart tracks in preference to the main road, galloped after the escaping robbers.

At about ten o'clock in the morning Tevan was engaged in the occupation which is the delight of every Indian boy. He was driving the bullock cart, sitting cross-legged on the base of the tongue of the cart, shouting abuse at the lazy, red bullock, uttering indescribable clicks and guttural shouts at the black and tan one, and occasionally leaning forward to start up the tired animals by twisting their tails. In the cart the box no longer appeared. It had been forced open, and its contents, together with the rest of the loot, had been distributed among the band, the box being dumped into a convenient clump of bushes beside the road.

Suddenly every drowsing Kallar in the cart was wide awake. Around a bend in the cart track behind them trotted two horsemen in khaki, one of them an Englishman. They were both clearly policemen, and at once the Kallars realized that they were on their trail. To stay in the cart was to court certain arrest. So, each one grabbing his loot, they scattered. The horsemen spurred their horses to a gallop and were upon the cart before Tevan, whose attention to the bullocks had been so absorbing as to prevent his catching the first warning of danger, could get away. The boy had not run a hundred paces when the police sahib was upon him, and he found himself looking into the muzzle of a revolver. He was handcuffed and tied to a tree by the folds of his own turban. The two policemen then galloped after the other escaping robbers. Soon one more was brought in, and Tevan saw with dismay that it was his own father, who had lingered in the hope of being able to help him.

Tevan and his father, knowing that further concealment was both impossible and undesirable, told their names and village. The English superintendent started at once for the village, while the Indian policeman rode beside the cart in which sat Tevan and his father, both securely handcuffed. A man from a near-by village was impressed for the service of driving the cart.

The box was recovered, and Tevan and his father were duly locked up. But the superintendent had taken a liking to the athletic robber boy, with his open face and keen look. He was given a light sentence as a first offender, and the superintendent had a special little talk with him before he went to prison.

"Do you not see how foolish it is to steal?" he said. "Even if you had escaped this time, you would have been caught and sent to jail some day before long. Who will now till your field and get bread for your mother and the family?"

"God alone knows," answered Tevan.

"The *sirkar* does not want to keep you in jail," continued the kindly official. "It wants to teach your people better ways of earning their living. We are ready to give lands and schools and to help your people in every way. While you are here in prison, you will have a chance to learn to read and write. You will also be taught some trade. I shall keep my eye on you. If you do well, I will see that you are given a scholarship in a boarding-school and are trained to be a leader of your people."

Tevan saw both the truth and the kindness of the superintendent's attitude. It was the latter that utterly surprised him and won him. He had always looked upon all police officials as his natural enemies and the enemies of his people. "Salaam, Thurai," was all the boy replied, but in his tone the big Englishman rightly read his intention to try.

Frank and open himself, Tevan accepted without suspicion the direct words of the Englishman, and set about to make the best use of his two years "in school," as his people jokingly spoke of it. He threw himself into all the activities of the place, and by his cheery way soon became popular with most of the wardens as well as with his fellow-prisoners.

True to his word, the police superintendent kept his eye on Tevan. His great problem was to deal with the inherited tendency to crime of many of the two hundred thousand Kallars of the Madura District. He was one of the leaders in the government project for solving this problem by education and by offering the Kallars a new chance. He liked these sturdy, sport-loving, fearless people, and Tevan seemed to him to promise to become one of the best of his type. He was glad, therefore, at the end of the term, that the boy had done so well that he could renew his offer of a scholarship in a boarding-school.

When Tevan was released he went straight to his village and home. Things had not gone well with his family. During the first winter his little sister had died of malnutrition. Now, however, the crops were good, and an uncle recently released from prison was caring for the family. Greatly to his surprise, Tevan's mother favored his going away to school.

"What good for you to stay here? Soon you will again be in jail, and we will be left helpless. Go and study and come back to start a school for our village, so that our boys may learn something better than robbery and living in prison."

After a short visit at home, Tevan went to make use of his scholarship in the training school at Pasumalai. There he was surprised to find a score more of boys of his own caste, all sent as government scholars with the hope that they would go back as teachers and leaders of their people. He was even more surprised one day to meet a fine Kallar who had become a Christian preacher, and to learn that already many of his people had become Christians. He had heard of Christian Kallars before, but there were none in his village or among his relatives, and he had never thought about the matter.

In course of time the influence of the daily Bible lessons and the worship in the Pasumalai school brought their natural results, and Tevan decided to make the great break from his past traditions and training and become a Christian.

With the same zest that he formerly found in thoughts of a dacoity, Tevan is now engaged in the great adventure of winning his people to a higher life. He is finding that no less courage, patience, ingenuity, and skill are needed for his new enterprise. He is one of a rapidly increasing group which proposes to conquer the prejudices and to change the habits and beliefs of a whole people. To many this at first seemed a ridiculous and impossible task, but not to Tevan. He opened a school in his own village. He started competitive sports. He is helping the poorer Kallars to find farms on some of the public lands which the government is ready to give for the purpose. He has cooperated with the government in getting village *panchayats* to take responsibility for ending crime and helping education.

The final solution of the problem of these attractive and promising robbers is not going to be easy, but the way seems clear. Eight or nine hundred of the *panchayats* are now at work in the Kallar country. Some three hundred schools have been started in their villages. About five hundred Kallar boys and girls are now in boarding-schools, some of them learning trades and others being trained as teachers. About a thousand Kallars are already Christians. They were at first distrusted and persecuted by other Christians, but now they are held in high respect. There is every prospect that many more will join the church. The Indian church needs their courage and their strength. The government and the mission can count on Tevan's help in all their plans for his people. He will do everything in his power to see that they are won to wholehearted discipleship to Christ. The Rev. Raymond Dudley, who works among the Kallars, says, "The net result of the whole thing, if it is kept up for a generation, is going to be the reformation of the caste."

There are criminal castes like the Kallars in all parts of India. They differ greatly among themselves in language, in race, in customs, in methods of crime. Some are bold robbers, others confine themselves to picking people's pockets in the streets. Some specialize in stealing cattle, others make and pass counterfeit coins, but consider thieving wrong. Some steal by day but not at night, others work only at night. Many of these criminal tribes are wandering gypsy people, going from place to place, telling fortunes, dancing, working as blacksmiths or farm laborers or in other ways, but always with an eye out for a chance to steal. There are as many as four million who are classed as belonging to criminal tribes in India. All teach their children their own particular skill, all pray to some deity like Kuruppan whom they think of as helping in their crime.

Gopal is a twelve-year-old "graduate" of the regular school for thieves run by the criminal tribe of Sanaurhia of North India. He has skilfully stolen hundreds of rupees' worth of Oriental cloths from the shelves of rich merchants, while his gang diverted attention by a violent quarrel in the street in front of the shop. But some day the merchant will be too watchful, and little Gopal will be put behind the bars.

Maruti is a Bowrie by caste. The members of his gang commonly travel dressed as holy men, and Maruti goes as a *chela,* or disciple. One of the gang, dressed as a bangle seller, has gone ahead and gained entrance to the women's quarters of a rich man's house, as is always possible for a seller of these bright glass ornaments, which are the delight of all Indian women. He comes back and tells the gang where the money-box is kept. That night the practised hands of the Bowries, with the special tools which they always carry with them, dig a hole in the mud wall of the house. Maruti wriggles through and returns with the money-box.

Shankar is a Bhampta boy. The Bhamptas are famous railway thieves. He and a fellow-Bhampta get into the "fire wagon," where, when opportunity comes, Shankar slips to the floor. With the help of skilful toes and a sharp little knife, he opens and rifles the bags of the other travelers, while his companion covers him with his loose clothing.

Gangabai is a graceful girl of twelve, or should we call her a woman, since she is already married? She is a member of the gypsy tribe of Kanjars, and so is trained to dance and sing. With a group of her fellows, she went into a busy bazaar where one of the men of the party sat down with his drum between his legs, while another got out a flute. Tom-tom-tom, tom-tom-tom, went the drum, and Gangabai's feet began to move, and her graceful body and arms to sway in time with the music. At the sound of the drum, a crowd soon surrounded the little open space, for Indians love to watch the *nautch,* or dance. They wagged their heads and grunted in approval; many also tossed big copper coins to the players. Meantime the skilful fingers of the other members of the Kanjar party had been at work loosening the folds that held the money in many a waistband. That night it was a happy party that gathered for their dinner in front of the crude skin tents of the Kanjars' gypsy camp out in the open country. But their pleasure was soon turned to despair when a group of policemen came, and, finding loot in the little tents, marched all the men, including Gangabai's father and her husband, off to jail.

What can be done with these millions of people who are using so much skill and daring in injuring other people, and who themselves live such a pitiful life, hated and feared by all and in turn fearing ordinary people as their enemies? Indian jails are always full of them. Thousands of policemen are employed in watching them. The midnight roll-call of all who are registered as criminal tribesmen is one of the government's devices for preventing and also for detecting crime. Naturally the tribesmen resent this bitterly, for not only does it seem to them a hateful intrusion into their home life, but it is a very effective way of keeping the men from all night expeditions, unless, indeed, they can bribe those who come to take the roll.

Simply to punish those who are found out will not redeem them. For hundreds of years successive governments have tried this method, but the tribes have gone right on teaching their children criminal ways. Somehow the whole plan of life of the criminal tribes must be changed. "Spirit of our fathers, help us. Save us from the *sirkar* and shut the mouths of the police." This is the regular prayer of one of the tribes. "God has sent us to earth to punish the avaricious and the rich. Without us what would the judges do?" said one of them when he was on trial.

Can they ever come to look differently upon themselves and other people? Can they become good citizens? Yes, they can. That has been proved. It is a long, long road. The habits and beliefs of generations do not disappear in a night. It seems almost impossible to change their attitude of suspicion of people in general and of government in particular. Then how can these tribes ever be won to normal, happy lives? By getting hold of the children. That is the principal answer. Put the children in schools where they learn to think and act like other children. Show them that ordinary folks are not their enemies. Teach them that there is a God who cares for them and their people just as he does for others. Really win the children, and where will the criminal tribes be twenty years hence? A few old hardened offenders will be left, but young recruits will not be added, and the vicious system will be broken.

But you cannot really win the children without doing something for their parents. Moreover, the government naturally wants to stop crime now. It could not be satisfied with any plan which would allow the older criminals to keep right on stealing.

One of the ways in which the Indian government is meeting the situation is through the establishment of some very interesting institutions called Criminal Tribes Settlements. In the parts of India where such centers exist, when a tribesman is convicted of crime, his wife and children are put into the settlement. After a time, if the man and his family behave well, he is released from jail and allowed to live with them in the settlement. But it is clearly understood that the minute any of the family group commits a crime, back he goes to prison. Sometimes a whole community, of its own accord, asks to be put into a settlement. They are tired of wandering about, always hounded by the police and never sure of getting enough to eat.

At one time two hundred and fifty men, women, and children were marched into a settlement. A band of fifteen hundred had been looting and terrorizing a whole region. When they were followed and discovered by the police, they scattered. These two hundred and fifty were all that were caught, and they were brought to the settlement to be restrained and, if possible, reformed.

The keynote of the settlements is friendship. That is the only power that can win these wild people. Because it is the business of missionaries to show friendship to needy people, the government has quite naturally asked different missions to conduct such settlements. The Salvation Army has been a pioneer in this work, but several of the most important settlements are now in charge of other missions, for the most part American missions.

One of the earliest and most successful among these is the industrial settlement for the Erukalas of South India, conducted by Samuel D. Bawden, whose big body and generous spirit give him an unusual power over the "crims" in his charge.

Scattered over India there are now over thirty settlements for criminal tribesmen, with missionaries in charge who know the language of the people and mingle with them freely. Some settlements are very large and some very small. One that had a tract of land far off in a mountain valley started with only twelve families and aimed to teach them how to be good farmers. At the opposite extreme is the settlement at Sholapur with four thousand "crims" from many tribes living next to a busy manufacturing city. They earn their living by working as ordinary laborers in the mills, but live apart in the carefully guarded hut villages which make up the settlement.

There are a thousand children of criminal tribesmen in the schools of this one settlement—that will mean nearly a thousand less criminals and a thousand more intelligent, useful men and women a few years hence, if the schools are well run. It is an intensely interesting problem to find how to plan these schools so as to develop all the keen ability of the children and to direct their restless activity into useful lines. As you can well understand, there must be activity for body as well as for mind in such a school. You should see the keen look of enjoyment on the faces of the students when the time comes to line up to march to the swimming tank for the regular plunge. Yes, a daily bath is part of the regular school routine, and you can imagine the shouts of delight as the children jump in. Then there is industrial work in the school itself and drill in the playground, besides time for Scout work for boys and girls, for their own spontaneous games, and for competitive sports, which satisfy their inherited desire for excitement and exploit.

Under all the work of the school there lies a simple, natural Christian motive. The children all join in singing the Christian hymns and in repeating the Lord's prayer. They are taught Bible stories and come to trust the God who loves and does not hate; who wants them to help, not to harm their fellows. In this way the settlements are seeking to get to the bottom of things. Gradually the children and even their parents are coming to feel that instead of Kuruppan and many other deities who are supposed to delight in crime, they have a God who calls them to love and to service. Instead of seeming to them right, crime gradually begins to look wrong. Their whole attitude of life, their way of thinking and living, is being transformed.

But the criminal tribes are wild people, and they have some gruesome customs. When they are stirred they are like a herd of stampeding cattle. Those in charge of the settlements have some exciting experiences. Here is a story told by Mr. Strutton, who is in charge of the big settlement for four thousand "crims" in Sholapur of which we have already spoken. He forbade the holding within the settlement area of an annual sacrifice of buffaloes, which was one of the religious ceremonies of one of the tribes in his care. It was not only cruel and revolting, it was also most unsanitary. If they must perform this sacrifice, Mr. Strutton insisted that they go off somewhere into the country to do it. He writes:

"We had a great time over it. Five hundred of them rioted. They said I could kill them if I liked, but they would have their sacrifices. They even went so far as to take up children by an arm and a leg before the workers and threaten to dash their brains out, swinging them around their heads, if they were not allowed to go on with their festival and sacrifice. It was anybody's show for a while, and I really thought they were going to get out of hand myself, as the women were beating their heads on the ground and encouraging the men to defy the sahib. I locked three of the ringleaders up and made all the others sit down and talk it out, and in the end they gave in. But it was a great game of bluff while it lasted, and though they had to take their animals two miles out and kill them immediately, instead of by the old slow-torture process, they were in the best of humor that night and laughed like children as they recounted among themselves the row of the morning. I liberated the men who had been locked up, after taking thumb impressions and four hundred rupees' security from all their leaders that they would give no further trouble. So now the Dussera sacrifices are a thing of the past."

The Kaikadis used to get gloriously drunk in connection with one of their annual religious festivals. As a result one year they had a terrible fight, and when the officers of the settlement tried to stop it, the brawlers turned upon and beat them. This was a very serious offense, and next day twenty of the men were sentenced to go to prison. The head of the settlement gave them a talk on the results of drinking and offered to release two of the men at the end of the first month if the entire community would for that month do without drink; to release two more after another month on the same condition; and so on till all were released. The Kaikadis got together and decided to accept his offer. They actually carried out their decision and gave up their old and honored custom. Instead of a drinking bout, they substituted a feast at the time of that festival. In this way another vicious custom was abolished.

The progress of Christianity in these criminal tribes has probably been greatest among the Kallars, but many are being won from other groups as well. Here is the simple story of a converted murderer which will show what sort of men and women the "crims" can become when Christ has won them to himself. This murderer's name was Mesoba Londhe, and he was the leader of a gang of robbers. As a young man he and his companions thought no more of killing a man on one of their expeditions than they would of killing a chicken. Mesoba was caught in a robbery and put in prison. There he learned to read. When he was on his way home from jail, another robber gave him some little Christian books which he had just received from a missionary. Mesoba read them, and somehow their message of a God who was ready to forgive and receive all men touched his heart. Then and there he decided that he would become a Christian. He began at once to teach his family and friends what he had learned. He was as fearless in his new adventure as he had been in robbery. Somehow Christianity had changed him. He had had a terrible temper, but that was gone. He entirely gave up robbing. People began to call him the "new man."

The missionary heard of him and came to his village, where they started a little church, and Mesoba, after he had been trained for the work, became its pastor. He served as pastor without any salary, earning his living by working as village watchman. By his simple faith and his life of loving service he won hundreds of former robbers to become Christians. And the people in all that region blessed Mesoba for what he had done to make their lives safer and happier.

In India today the Son of Man is coming to seek and to save those who were lost, and he is claiming four million of her people who were born to be robbers. Doesn't it look like a man's job to be his agents in winning these promising people?

We who have been called to the secular affairs of life rather than the spiritual will never fail to be grateful, I hope, to the missionaries who have carried into effect the gospel of human justice as well as of spiritual power.—*Ramsay MacDonald, speaking at the Congo Jubilee Exhibition,* 1929.

VI. THOSE POOR MISSIONARIES

If I were a cassowary
  On the plains of Timbuctoo,
I'd eat up every missionary,
  Coat and hat and hymn-book too.

The beautiful hill station of Kodaikanal lies on the broad summit of a mighty mountain range seven thousand feet above sea level. It is like going into a different country to climb the steep path from the hot plains and to find ourselves in a land of cool breezes and showers, with groves of tall, graceful eucalyptus trees here and there on the slopes and with peaches and pears growing in the orchards. We are standing near the little lake that nestles among the hillsides and cottages.

Kodai is the most popular of the hot weather resorts used by South India missionaries, and some of them are right in front of us now in the open field near the lake. At least two hundred men and women, boys and girls, are gathered for a baseball game between Canada and the United States. Judging by the noise, they are having a good time over it. That stocky man over on first base, who plays with a truly professional air, surely must have been a varsity player—yes, he was a star ball player in his college days. How he is enjoying himself now! As you hear him "talk back" to the umpire, you will scarcely believe me when I tell you that he is the venerable head of an important theological seminary. That pitcher, who seems to know how to double himself up in all the proper bowknots before he delivers the ball, was also an all-round athlete in his college days and is now a Y.M.C.A. secretary among the students of India. The little man out in center field held a two-mile record for several years before he came out to try to help the villagers of India. There are also several fine, strapping boys on the two teams, pupils who are studying in the Kodaikanal school for missionary children. When the game is over and the final yells exchanged, some of the players gather to talk over the coming tennis match between the missionary club and the gymkhana, or club of other visitors at Kodai, who are, for the most part, government officials and army officers. That match is the greatest event of the summer season —and more than half the time the missionary club wins.

We shall find boats on the little lake and row across to the school where over one hundred pupils are getting an American education in the heart of India. They are certainly an attractive-looking group of real American boys and girls. Incidentally, when they come back to America, they do well in athletics and stand high in their classes. As we come up to the school from the lake shore we find some of the boys lying under a tree exchanging stories about their hunting experiences when they are with their families "down on the plains." Jack tells about shooting a vulture whose wings measured ten feet from tip to tip. Donald follows with a story of stalking a fine, big deer. Harry describes how his father and he suddenly found themselves facing a pair of big wolves which were coming toward them on a lonely path. The wolves got away, but later that same day Harry's father shot a wild boar. Bill caps the climax by telling how, when he was off elephant hunting with his father and was lying alone in the bushes, a great Bengal tiger went by within ten feet of him.

Between them, these boys and girls can jabber most of the languages of India. One comes from the heart of the wild Bhil country, another from the great city of Calcutta, and the others from cities and villages all over the land. It took one of them five days to reach the school from his distant home.

Why are their parents living in these places? There are between five and six thousand missionaries settled all over India, and almost half of them are from the United States and Canada. Let us see what they are doing.

Come with me to Vadala to meet the Rev. Edward Fairbank, who is a typical general evangelistic missionary, although I'll confess at once that I never saw him with a black ministerial hat on, and I think the cassowary would have a rather hard time swallowing anyone so strong and substantial as he is. Vadala is a little Indian village of about five hundred people, twenty miles from the railroad in the heart of village India. It is the headquarters of Mr. Fairbank's field, the Vadala district. This district covers an irregular area of perhaps eight hundred square miles dotted with one hundred and fifty little towns and villages in which live over one hundred thousand people.

For the sake of efficiency, he generally uses an automobile for his longer trips in his district; but some time ago when there was no gasoline to be had he jumped on his bicycle and rode twenty-seven miles into Ahmednagar, did his business there, and rode twenty-seven miles back again, just as though he did not live in the tropics and were not well past middle age. Once when he was riding his bicycle he came to a river which was in flood, as Indian rivers often are after a storm. It was important that he should get across, so he waded right in, and when he could wade no farther he struck out and swam across the rushing stream, bicycle and all.

You will like Mr. Fairbank from the start. Everybody does. He has two outstanding characteristics which impress those who meet him, vital energy and sheer friendliness.

Somehow his friendliness has transferred itself to his Indian fellow-workers. There is a wonderful atmosphere of good-will at Vadala. Mr. Fairbank will always tell you that this atmosphere is mainly due to his remarkable Indian associate, the late Rev.

Shetiba Gaikwad, and this is true. It was a situation such as one almost always finds wherever mission work is going forward with unusual success. These two men admired and loved each other and worked together as intimate friends, each making his special contribution to the work of the team. One or two Indians who were inclined to be sour and aloof when they first came there, could not long resist the Vadala spirit and soon were friendly like the rest. The district has more Christians and more progressive churches than any other in all that part of India; they take the lead in generous giving and also in managing their own affairs.

There are thirty-eight village schools in the district, into which the children of outcastes, high-caste people, and Christians are all crowding. We must see one of these simple little schools, housed in a crude building, with only a table, a chair, a blackboard and a map for furniture, which yet is a means of Christian helpfulness in all the village. From these village schools flows a constant stream of the brightest boys and girls to the boarding-school at Vadala, and from this in turn to higher schools. There are three villages in this district, which have together sent out no fewer than three hundred and seventy-five young people to become Christian workers throughout western India. One of these has recently received his Ph.D. from Harvard and is going back to be a leader among the educated young men of Bombay. Mr. Fairbank writes, "Our Christians are poor, but where fifty years ago hardly a man owned his own field, today, out of Vadala's five thousand Christians, at least four hundred own land, from ten up to a hundred and fifty acres a family. Many are carrying on trades. Self-respect has increased with self-support and freedom from serfdom."

All over this big district people of every sort look to the missionary as their friend. Mr. Fairbank has at Vadala a dispensary with a trained Indian doctor. In times of plague or famine he is there to help. The great church, which seats thirteen hundred people, was built in famine days as famine relief work. Its red-tiled tower can be seen for many miles and is a symbol of helpfulness to all that region. Indians love lawsuits, but never a lawsuit goes to court from Vadala. The people bring their differences to the missionary, and he settles them with such care and fairness that his decisions have always been accepted. No wonder that all classes in the Vadala district are friendly and responsive to Christianity.

So Mr. Fairbank goes about ceaselessly, examining a school here, preaching in simple, direct words to a new group there, settling quarrels, conducting classes for his Indian fellow-workers, living a true Christian life of service. He and his wife are pouring their cheer and their faith—their very lives—into the lives of these country people whom they love. The friendly, responsive Marathas, the progressive churches, and the fine Christians who go far and wide from this district as leaders, are the natural result of such service.

When the hard day's work is done, Edward Fairbank loves to go off with his rifle after a deer, or play a game with the schoolboys, or work in his garden. Listen to his hearty, care-free laugh. How he enjoys a good joke! You never went on a hike with a better fellow than he is. And back of it all and in it all is the sweetness of a Christian home and the devotion of a wife no less able and attractive than he, who is giving herself just as naturally and beautifully as he is giving himself. A typical ordained missionary—I envy any cassowary who gets *him!*

Let us now go to a place in the country near the city of Jhansi. We are in the midst of a group of Indian Boy Scouts gathered around the campfire. They are on a hike and of course they are having a good time. Their leader is a slim six-footer and plainly an American. Yes, he is a missionary, and a typical one, too, the Rev. Henry R. Ferger. A few years ago he was an American Boy Scout. When he went to India he could see no reason why Indian boys should not have a chance to be Scouts. So in 1918 he started, with fifteen schoolboys, the first Boy Scout troop in that part of India. At about the same time, here and there, other young Indian missionaries who had been Scouts at home were starting troops.

Mr. Ferger writes: "The day school closed, I started on a two weeks' tramp back into the Himalayas, with ten of my Scouts. . . . We carried our own packs—a new experience for them in a land which knows little of the dignity of labor, and where coolies abound at all railway stations. Shoulders ached and legs got tired, and a few feet got blisters the first few days, but that soon passed over. Four of us were Christians, one was Mohammedan, and six were Hindus, four of these being Brahmans, the highest caste. . . . I lived on Indian food, for we did our own cooking. Hindus, Christians, and Mohammedans ate together, forgetting caste (sheltered from the public eye) and thus living out the Scout ideals of brotherhood. Leaves were used for plates, and fingers (as always by the natives) to eat with. I was able to get much closer to them than ever before, especially one memorable night when our bedding did not arrive, and we seven had to sleep on the floor on one thin mattress and under one blanket! And at seven thousand feet elevation it was cold, even inside the rest-house."

Mr. Ferger gives much of his time to the Scout movement, and looks upon it as a unique opportunity to serve India. He has been Scout commissioner for his division, but is now happy to have an Indian take this position, letting him become assistant commissioner for the city of Jhansi. He reports twenty troops and four hundred and eighty-two Scouts in this city. His letters tell many fascinating stories of acts of service by the Scouts. When one remembers how strong the old caste tradition of indifference to those outside one's own group still is in India, one appreciates even more the triumphs of the idea. Mr. Ferger writes frankly of the difficulties, but goes on: "Yet to me it is nothing less than marvelous the appeal the Scout program and the Scout ideals make under even such conditions. Always I find that the boys have learned that it is a Scout's duty to serve, that the ideals of a Scout are high, and that a Scout is a brother to every other Scout, even to those that come from another land, such as I."

The Scout movement has now gone throughout India. It has been taken up by Indians of every religion and caste. Of course many may be mainly attracted by its externals, yet many catch its true meaning. Indeed the central idea has gone far beyond the actual groups. Some years ago it was Boy Scouts who threw themselves into the work of helping pilgrims at religious festivals. Mr. Ferger reports having recently spent six days as one of sixteen hundred volunteers, "almost entirely composed of liberal Hindus," who devoted themselves to serving the six hundred thousand pilgrims who had gathered at the sacred city of Hardwar. These volunteers rendered first aid, took the sick to hospitals, cared for twelve hundred women and children, who had become separated from friends and families, gave many thousands of cups of cold water, and rendered countless services. Mr.

Ferger asks, "Have they not, unconsciously, perhaps, got something of the spirit of the Master who said, 'I am among you as one who serves'?"

But long before there was such a thing as a Boy Scout movement, missionaries had been trying to awaken in Indian students of many castes the love of sport and enjoyment of real service which they were sure were hidden somewhere in every true boy. If you want to know how an out-of-doors missionary can make over boys and gradually do much to clean up the whole life of an Oriental city and district, read Tyndale-Biscoe's *Character Building in Kashmir,* or one of his annual "logs." Tyndale-Biscoe was a great boxer in college, and coxswain of the Cambridge crew. He came out to India to run a small high school in Srinagar in the beautiful valley of Kashmir. Kashmir is a veritable garden spot, watered by countless streams on which the lazy houseboats move amid orchards of plum and apple and gardens of roses, while rising on every side are the mighty snow-capped peaks of the Himalayas. The people are fair and tall, and rather effeminate. To quote from Mr. Tyndale-Biscoe's own story of his work there:

"Twenty-nine years ago I found myself for the first time in Srinagar—a huge rabbit-warren sort of place of 125,000 inhabitants. All streets crooked, all streets narrow, all streets filthy. The stench of the city had reached me long before I entered it. One would have thought that the streets had been made with the idea of preventing anyone from using them; for instead of cobbles, stones and rocks of all shapes and sizes had been thrown down indiscriminately, so that pedestrians had to pick their way from rock to rock, avoiding if possible the lakes of putrid filth that lay between. . . .

"I shall never, never forget my first sight of the boys in the school hall twenty-nine years ago. Some two hundred dirty, evil-smelling human beings, squatting on the hall floor with mouths open, a vacant expression on their faces, and with fingers either messing with their faces, noses, or ears, or else holding firepots under their foul garments, shaped like long nightgowns, the fumes from the charcoal and the heat of their bodies thickening the atmosphere of this low-ceilinged room."

Mr. Tyndale-Biscoe determined that these boys should become men, and he tells us how he went about to accomplish it. He could not imagine a healthy boys' school without sports, and, because the school was on the river, he decided to begin his athletics with rowing. But the boys refused: "No Brahman must ever use a paddle or oar, or in any way propel a boat, as that would lower their caste to that of the despised boatmen. This probably was the root of the whole business; namely, that the act of pulling an oar might produce muscle on the arms, and as muscle was worn only by coolies, my worthies might be mistaken for such low-caste beings. No

Brahman had so vulgar an appendage as a muscle on the arm."

This doughty Englishman was not to be daunted by such age-long prejudices. At the start he fairly forced his young teachers and his boys to row. Now even the Hindu high schools of Srinagar have crews on the river, and the frequent regattas are great events in the city. It was the same story in regard to swimming. At first he forced the boys into the river. Now over a hundred of them each year willingly pass a test which requires them to swim three miles.

The school has a metal badge which the boys are proud to wear. It bears the school crest and the motto, "In all things be men." They are taught that if they wear that badge, they must always be ready to help anyone whom they see in difficulty or danger. Once a great flood came rushing over the lower parts of the city, and a group of outcaste sweepers were caught on the roof of a mud house which was rapidly dissolving in the flood. There were plenty of boats near by, but no regular boatmen would come to their aid because, forsooth, they were outcastes. One of the school boats came up looking for chances to help. It took several journeys to rescue all those who were on the roof, and as the work went on, the high-caste boatmen cursed the schoolboys for so defiling their caste. "But the boys gave them cheers for their curses and went right on till all the outcastes were saved."

The school keeps records of services done by the boys and reported not by the ones who did them but by others. These records each year contain accounts of many lives saved from drowning, services in fires, coolie jobs, sanitary work, aid to animals, and many other types of service. The list for 1928 contained many more than twice as many such deeds as that for 1918.

The most interesting aspect of the recent record of the school is the strong evidence that is coming in of its permeating influence. Mr. Tyndale-Biscoe has now been working along this line for over thirty years. Many of his old boys are in positions of influence, and continue to fight deeply entrenched evil in the gallant spirit of the school.

No evils in India are more terrible than those suffered by women and girls. Among high-caste Indians child marriage is the rule, and even child widows are not allowed to remarry. The eyes of Mr. Tyndale-Biscoe were opened to these evils some years ago and he began to fight them. He reports that the maharajah showed sympathy for reform in the marriage age of girls, but said that he could not alter the law unless the public was back of the change. In 1928 a petition headed by an old mission school boy convinced the maharajah that he could now act, and the following law was made: "In future no girl under fourteen years of age and no boy under eighteen years of age may be married, under the penalty of four years' imprisonment to all concerned in the marriage, priests and guests as well as parents." Such a law is an epoch-making forward step in the life of this conservative state. Other forces of reform were back of it, but certainly one of the strongest was that of the men who had gone out from the mission schools.

During the same year the school staff, entirely composed of old schoolboys, brought about the first marriage of Brahman widows in Srinagar. "When the ceremony should have begun it was discovered that the padres had bolted. However, one of the Sanskrit teachers is a priest, so he came to the rescue and performed the ceremony, for which heinous sin he is the target of the poisonous darts of the enraged priesthood." The priests tried to organize a monster meeting of protest but were frustrated, primarily by some old boys of the school who were in high official position. Mr. Tyndale-Biscoe ends the story as follows: "We hear that there are now a number of Brahman widows and bridegrooms ready and wishing to be married, so the chains have been cracked, if not broken."

In the central place of honor in the school hall stands a board which Mr. Tyndale-Biscoe thus describes: "We come to the last and noblest board of all, over which we place a crown, 'Those who have given their lives for others.' Below the names on this board hangs Holman Hunt's picture of our Lord knocking at the gate. There is the center of it all; there is the inspiration of all those deeds of kindness. Every day when the school assembles for roll-call they face that board and that picture, and without any words the message of love is shown to them in deeds. As far as arguments go, the Hindu or Mohammedan can argue with the best; but when it comes to deeds of self-sacrifice, the appeal of Christ and all he stands for is unanswerable."

Henry Ferger and Tyndale-Biscoe are just two of India's educational missionaries. All over India you will find others, many of them young men and women who are working in mission high schools and colleges, as well as in connection with village schools and district boarding-schools, training-schools for teachers, medical schools, and industrial schools.

There are about as many schools for girls as for boys, and there ought to be still more. No service America can render to India is greater than that given by strong, happy, American college girls to the needy women of India, the victims of so many age-long wrongs. In the days of beginnings of educational work for women a Brahman said to a woman missionary, "First teach our donkeys to read, then teach our girls." The great pioneer of educational missions in India, Alexander Duff, is reported to have remarked, "To try to educate women would be like trying to climb a wall a hundred feet high, with nothing but bare hands and feet to help you—such are the obstacles in the way." But Isabella Thoburn and other women missionaries dared to believe that Indian girls could be educated. Someone has well said that they earned the right to join the Psalmist in exclaiming, "By my God I have leaped over a wall."

Today women graduates of mission high schools, normal schools, medical schools, and colleges are scattered over India, carrying sweetness and light wherever they go. It was largely the faith and enthusiasm of Lilavati Singh, one of Isabella Thoburn's own students, that persuaded her to open a woman's college in Lucknow. This mischievous Indian schoolgirl became a brilliant leader of Indian education and chairman of the Woman's Department of the World's Student Christian Federation.

Isabella Thoburn and Lilavati Singh, working together as Edward Fairbank and Shetiba Gaikwad worked together, built up the Isabella Thoburn College. This has recently been made the woman's college of the great new Lucknow University. It has fine buildings on a spacious new campus of twenty-five acres, where it is equipped to meet the critical needs of India's women in this new era.

We can catch something of the spirit of this college by reading extracts from a round robin letter kept up by eight of her alumnæ.

The first is from Sona, a Hindu girl. "My aunt, who is my guardian, is, as you know, companion to the Rani (queen), and as the Rani is absolutely uneducated and really quite ignorant and superstitious, I am acting as a kind of private secretary.

"There is such an absence of natural, everyday happiness among our Hindu people. I do not know how to account for it. I think of this by myself for minutes at a time, and I do feel there is something unusual in Christianity to explain the happiness I have seen among Christians. But I do not have much time for thinking, for I am usually very busy. I try to entertain the Rani by telling her stories. Sometimes I am even guilty of tacking on morals, and even of 'poking them down her throat,' which we were taught in pedagogy was very poor teaching. But if you only knew the temptation! For instance, she is so very unhygienic, especially when it comes to fresh air. She shuts herself in her gloomy apartments and will not come to walk even in her pretty garden, which is surrounded by a high wall and which therefore will satisfy Hindu etiquette by keeping her safely secluded from the view of men. But lately, owing to my very simple talks on anatomy and physiology, emphasizing the use of the lungs, she begins to see the value of fresh air. I'm even hoping she'll allow me to invite some of the high-caste ladies to hear a lecture on hygiene."

The second is just a word from Nirmolini, a member of a reformed sect: "There is such a difference between a Hindu school, however good, and our dear old school. I wish I knew how to bring the spirit of our school into this one. I am trying to practise the example of our teachers."

The third selection is from Shanti, a Christian wife and mother. "Dear girls, you in the hot plains may well envy me in our lovely little Himalayan cottage. Well, if you had married my nice minister man, you might have had the same joyous lot. Of course there are disadvantages in living seven days from the railway, such as having no congenial children for our tots to play with. Naturally, I have to give a good deal of time to their school, as well as the ordinary care they require. There is, as you know, a mission hospital here, which is closed and has been for a year for lack of a doctor or nurse, so that I have to serve as doctor and nurse for our poor mountain folk for miles around, and all the training I've had is from books! Then we have a little church and a boys' school, and hope soon to open a girls' school."

These are just three typical graduates of one of India's mission colleges for women who are carrying into palace, school, and home the spirit of their alma mater.

One-sixth of the college students of India are studying in mission colleges. Most of these are primarily colleges for men, but the Women's Christian College of Madras, with its beautiful chapel and chapel service, has wonderfully equipped itself to meet Indian needs. The Union Missionary Medical School for Women at Vellore is likewise rendering a unique service. Women are crowding into the other colleges also and are being increasingly cared for in special hostels. The majority of the students in mission colleges are Brahmans, only a few of whom become out-and-out Christians, but almost all carry from their missionary professors and from their Bible study something of the spirit of the Master. Most of them take part in reform movements, and all their lives remain friends of the missionary and of Christianity.

There was a great stir all over South India a few years ago when two Brahman boys from two of the leading families of the great aristocratic city of Madura decided to become Christians. Public meetings were held. The governor of the province was asked to prevent the baptism. Orthodox leaders started a movement to boycott all mission schools. This movement, like many other similar attempts, did not succeed. The boys were baptized, and mission schools continued to prosper. An interesting fact in this case was that the father of one of the boys had been a student at Madura College, a missionary institution. When he was a student he had himself wanted to become an open follower of Christ, and now he absolutely refused to try to keep his boy from becoming a Christian.

All over India there are men by the thousands like that father, who come from such schools as Tyndale-

Biscoe's and from colleges like Madura and Lucknow. They are doing much to bring the spirit of Jesus into the entire life of India.

If we should go to Asansol near Calcutta we should find ourselves looking at an Indian village so clean and attractive and well ordered that we should desire to go nearer to understand what this might mean. As we approached we should be further surprised to find that all the villagers were boys and girls. Closer examination would bring out the fact that this is a school village named Ushagram, the Village of the New Day. The aim is to teach youth how to better Indian life by actually living in a model village where they may carry on all the normal activities of a village under the guidance of their Christian teachers.

Coming now to the famous school at Moga in the Punjab we may be surprised to find a group of pupils building a house. It is a very simple house they are building, but we shall see at once that it is carefully designed. As we talk with the one who seems to be responsible we shall learn that this house is the project of the class which is building it, and that their lessons in reading, writing and arithmetic as well as in sanitation and cooperation center in this project. So successfully have modern methods of education been carried out at Moga that educators from all over India are learning from it how they can improve their own schools and make them more efficient in raising the standard of life in India's villages.

For many years my own main job in India was a training-school for male Christian teachers. There are probably a thousand graduates of this school now at work. Many of them live in villages where no other man can read. The life of some of these villages is so low and crude that it takes real heroism for educated boys to cut themselves off from the more attractive surroundings of school and to settle down to their new tasks. A Brahman educational inspector who was inspecting the training-school said to me, "I met one of your boys the other day, up in Khandesh. He was way out in the jungle teaching in a little Bhil village. I asked him if he wasn't afraid to stay in that wild country alone. He replied, 'No, I'm not afraid now. I was at first. I almost decided that I couldn't stay. But when I saw how much these people needed a school, I prayed God to give me courage to stay on.' That teacher was only an outcaste Mahar before he became a Christian, wasn't he?"

"Yes," I answered, "he was."

"Well, where did he get the spirit that made him stay on among those wild Bhils?" he asked.

"I think that it must have come from Jesus Christ," I answered, and the Brahman inspector bowed his head in assent.

Over forty-five years ago Anna S. Kugler, an attractive American girl of fine family, set out for India under the American Lutheran Board. She had the best medical training that America could give her.

A brilliant career opened before her in America. But she had received a letter from a missionary appealing to her to come out to help the needy women of India. When she asked her board to send her, they replied that they were not ready to start medical work, and that if she wanted to go out she must go as a teacher and worker in the Indian home, a *zenana* worker. Dr. Kugler accepted this appointment. She was so eager to serve India that she was willing, if necessary, to give up her medical career to do so. Yet she had faith that the medical work would somehow open up. A present of a hundred dollars made it possible for her to take a few instruments and medicines. With this equipment and a brave heart she landed in South India, the first woman missionary physician to go to the great Madras Presidency, with its millions of suffering women and children.

For years Dr. Kugler struggled along with pitifully meager equipment. At one time the continuance of her medical work was made possible only through subscriptions from her fellow-missionaries. But patients kept coming in increasing numbers. Friends at home, finally learning what needs and opportunities faced her, sent help, and the wonderful medical career of Dr. Anna S. Kugler was fairly begun.

At first the doctor had often to submit to indignities from bigoted high-caste Hindus, in whose eyes she was an outcaste. She wrote: "It is true that it was not pleasant to be constantly reminded, as one entered the high-caste Hindu homes, that one was an unclean object, defiling everything that one touched. It was not pleasant to have all the bed-clothes put to one side while one examined the patient, or to have a very ill patient taken out of bed and brought out into the courtyard because the doctor was too unclean to go inside. Neither did one enjoy stooping down and picking up the medicine bottle because one was too unclean to take it directly from the hand of a Brahman. But it was all in the way of opening up the path for those who came later." In these same homes she is now honored.

When Dr. Kugler returned to India after her first furlough, three rich men of Guntur gave a hundred rupees apiece for the new hospital property. But it was hard in those days to get money for a hospital for women. Dr. Kugler was determined that the Indians themselves should do a part, so she toured among the villages, treating the people's ailments and gathering money. Little by little the hospital became a reality. After a time a nurse came from America. Then another American doctor was sent out. After fifteen long years of struggle, she had the "finest mission hospital in all South India," with a children's ward, maternity block, chapel, nurses' home, and dispensary. In four years the patients treated in the dispensary numbered 100,779. Nearly eight thousand operations were performed, and over fifteen hundred children were born in the hospital. Mrs. McCauley, one of Dr. Kugler's fellow-missionaries, tells the following story:

"A poor Sudra woman is just leaving the hospital with her little eight-year-old girl, who had been badly gored by an angry buffalo. The child's face was torn partly off by the buffalo, and the whole cheek had been skilfully sewed up by Dr. Kugler; and now after several weeks the mother is starting out to return with her little girl, entirely healed, to her village some thirty miles away. The poor mother, after presenting some fruit and a couple of rupees as her offering to the hospital, falls at Dr. Kugler's feet, with her hands clasped, and says: 'What are these small gifts compared with all I owe you, *amma?* I am a poor worm. You are a great and powerful mother. You have had compassion on me and have healed my child. She would have died but for you. Even had she lived, she would have been terribly deformed, and I could never have found a husband for her. Now she is going out with only a slight scar. This is all due to your great love and goodness. Surely I will remember this Yesu Swami about whom you have told me, because I know you bow to him only. Yes, he must be a very great Swami to have such a follower as you, and hereafter I shall pray to him, and not to Krishna and Hanuman as I used to, for now I know that he must be the true God.' "

One of the staunchest friends of Dr. Kugler is an

Indian rajah, M. Bhujanga Rao Bahadur of Ellore. Dr. Kugler had restored his beloved wife, the Rani Chinnamma Rao, to health. Later she had saved the life of his son and heir. When he asked what he might do to show his gratitude, Dr. Kugler suggested that he build a rest-house in which Indian relatives could stay while attending patients who were in the hospital. This rajah got two other Indians to give the land, and he built the rest-house. But that was not all. He had wanted to know the secret of her power, and she had told him that it was in Jesus Christ and had given him a copy of the New Testament. He eagerly read the book and saw in it the medicine that his land needed even more than physical healing. So he translated it into Telugu poetry which Brahmans and all educated Hindus would delight to read. When the new rest-house was dedicated, he gave away five hundred copies of his translation to the guests. His youngest child is named Annamma in honor of the doctor. On his very letterhead this Brahman rajah has printed a picture of the Christ whom he now regards as the hope of India, and whom, as he says in the preface to his translation, he first saw reflected in the pure and beautiful life of this American doctor.

The British government has twice recognized the services of Dr. Kugler to India by bestowing honors. But it is the love of the people which is her priceless decoration. In her office she has hanging this motto:

"Ourselves your servants for Jesus' sake," and most wonderfully does she carry out its ideal in her daily life of service to the women and children of India.

Dr. Kugler's hospital is one of a great chain of missionary hospitals and dispensaries which you can now find all over India, about five hundred of them in all. Some are as crude and primitive as the one Dr. Kugler began with. Others are great plants. Training-schools are preparing Christian nurses. Several medical schools have arisen to train Indian men and women to go out as Christian doctors to bring healing to the millions of Indians who now suffer without help or hope.

Almost every missionary in India has to be more or less of an assistant medical missionary. There is so much sickness all about, some of which needs only a little intelligent care, that we simply have to lend a hand. There are children whose eyes are infected and who are neglected until they go blind or their eyes are injured for life. All they need is a little attention and a simple remedy to save them from this calamity. Every morning there used to gather on our veranda a group of Indians with various ailments to be treated by Mrs. Clark. The worst cases she sent to the hospital, but her own brief hospital training came into daily use as she cared for the simpler cases in her little veranda dispensary. Often when I went among the villages I took with me an Indian medical man, or, if that was not possible, at least a supply of quinine for malaria, and potassium permanganate to disinfect the village wells in time of cholera. Whole villages are exposed to that terrible disease, and thousands of people die through the use of impure water, when the main remedy that is needed is a little disinfectant for the village well. I suppose that almost every district missionary is the means of saving many lives by his simple efforts to help meet diseases and epidemics.

Everyone knows something about that terrible, loathsome disease of leprosy, which rots away its victims' bodies little by little, a living death. Indians fear this disease, yet lepers are allowed to live on in their villages and even in their own homes, exposing others to the dreaded infection. Probably there are a quarter of a million lepers in India. Missionaries, both medical and non-medical, try to do what they can to help them. To make their lives happier, to protect their relatives and friends from the disease, and to cure incipient cases, leper asylums and hospitals have been opened in many places, and missionaries try to bring whatever they can of brightness and cheer and love into these refuges. Here lepers are given the wonderful treatment which in incipient cases actually seems to be furnishing a cure. They are given gardens of their own to work in, and opportunities to satisfy other human interests. Even more important, they receive what one of these missionaries calls the "Christ-treatment; something of love and kindness; someone to care for them and bring relief."

You have seen how poor the people of India are, especially the outcastes. Probably there are sixty millions who do not get enough to eat except during the harvest time and at festivals. Is it part of the missionary's job to try to help them earn a better living? The missionary answers emphatically, "Yes! Jesus fed the hungry, and we would not be true disciples of our Master if we did not try to help men and women and little children to get enough to eat and enough to wear." Our village schools with their half a million pupils help. It is not so easy for the money sharks of India, who always prey upon the poor, to get into their clutches men who can read and figure. Moreover, thousands of boys and girls from dark, one-room, poverty-stricken homes have gone through the village school into higher education, and are now earning fair incomes as doctors, nurses, clerks, teachers, or workers in other useful callings.

Another way in which the missionaries try to help is through cooperative credit societies. Have you ever heard of a missionary banker? Come to Jalna and I will show you one who has been decorated by the government for his services. The Rev. W. E. Wilkie-Brown is another "typical" missionary, a kindly, vigorous Scotchman. He found many of the villagers of the Jalna district practically the slaves of the money lender. They had to have seed every rainy season, and they had no money to buy it with, so that they had to borrow from the money lender, who was willing to accommodate them for a little matter of sixty or eighty per cent a year. Once in the hands of the money lender, the poor man never gets out. He toils on, and his wife and children toil on. They keep paying of their little earnings on their debt but it does not grow less. A wedding comes, or sickness, and more debt and more interest are added. Finally, millions of poor people in India give up all hope of ever being free from the money lender and lose interest in their work. They become careless and shiftless as well as hopeless.

To help such poor people, Mr. Wilkie-Brown, with the help of the government, started a cooperative credit society with a bank which lends money to members of the society at nine per cent interest. Every member of the society is responsible for the repayment of every loan the bank makes to every other member, as well as those it makes to him. When they combine in this way, even the poor Indians have strength. First they borrow enough money to repay what they owe to the money lender. Then they receive another loan to buy seed or a pair of bullocks or an improved iron plow to cultivate their land, or to dig a well for irrigation. With their old debts wiped out and with a chance to get on their feet, they go back to their villages new men. They have been hopeless slaves. Now they are free. Life has a new meaning to them. There is hope for their children, now that the parents are no longer in the clutches of the money lender.

"Do they really pay back?" we ask Mr. Wilkie-Brown. "Yes, they do," he replies. "Sometimes it comes hard, especially when the harvests fail, but somehow they manage to do it." Then he turns to us with a contagious smile of enthusiasm and says something like this: "The best of it all is the way this thing is making over the entire life of the village. The members of the society have to be interested in each other now. They all make it a business to see that no member is lazy or extravagant, and they help out members who are sick or in hard luck. Wherever they have societies, they are asking for schools. It is the most effective way I've ever found for preaching the gospel." So successful was this work that Mr. Wilkie-Brown's board sent a missionary who had had business experience to give his whole time to it.

Cooperative credit work is by no means always successful. It takes great wisdom and patient instruction of the members to save it from becoming another way for the Indian to get deeper into debt, yet many missionaries are helping to put new hope into India's people through cooperative credit societies. Indeed, the Young Men's Christian Association has established a special rural department which is spreading the gospel of thrift through cooperative credit in several districts.

Dotted over India there are also missionary industrial schools where boys and girls are being taught how to run an automobile or how to make lace, how to produce good furniture or how to grow twice as large a crop as the old methods make possible.

Some years ago I was sitting in my school office when a teacher came to me. “It’s no use, sahib,” he said. “Nama and Ganpat and Maruti and about eight more of those big boys simply can’t learn English. They are holding back the entire class.”

“We shall have to do something about it,” I replied. As soon as possible we secured a jack-of-all-trades, who was mostly a mason and carpenter, and who was also a good practical teacher—a very rare man in India. With a rough shed as a shop, he began working with these big boys. Soon there was a change in the very look of their faces. They had been dull and sullen before. They simply were not fitted for higher studies, and they did not like regular school life. But they did like this work with stone and wood. The class made rapid progress. After a time we sent them out, and they actually built a schoolhouse from the ground up, and did the job well. Before long they were out at work for good wages, as Indian wages go, and were sturdy, intelligent members of the community and the church. Whenever I meet one of them he gives me a grateful salaam for my part in getting him started in life. Not all industrial mission work can be so simple or so quickly successful as this was. Many mission industrial enterprises have failed; but more and more of them are succeeding in helping the poorer people of India.

Let us look now at an industrial slum area of Bombay. The shouts of many little children attract our attention to a little playground where they are fairly swarming over each other in their eagerness to get their turn at the swings and seesaws. Next to the children's playground we see an excited group of young men playing volley ball. Then our eye passes to a fine four-story building into which people are streaming. We follow the crowd and our eye catches the name over the door—the Nagpada Neighborhood House. Yes, here in the most crowded section of Bombay Dr. and Mrs. Manshardt, two young Americans, together with a group of fine young Indian associates, are trying to be true neighbors to the Jews and Mohammedans, Hindus and Christians, of those crowded tenements. Here you will find baby clinics and moving pictures, clubs and lectures. The Neighborhood House is now serving seven hundred people a day, and is seeking to make real to them the meaning of Christian brotherliness.

In many parts of India similar enterprises are arising. The Y.M.C.A. has a thriving group of social service centers for the mill hands of Nagpur. The

Y.W.C.A. is turning its attention to the condition of women in some tenement areas in Bombay. Indeed the Y.M.C.A. and Y.W.C.A. are engaged in similar enterprises in many centers, where they are seeking in the spirit of Christ to help their Indian neighbors.

What is the job of the missionaries in India? You have seen them off on hikes with Indian boys, settling village quarrels, saving life in hospital and hut, teaching poverty-stricken people how to earn a living, ministering to the social needs of mill hands and tenement dwellers, proclaiming by deed and by word the good news that all men are brothers in the great family of a loving Father. Especially are they seeking to help Indian Christians to become so strong that they may take the lead in all Christian service in India. The day is fast coming when the positions of leadership in all this great missionary enterprise will be taken by Indian Christians. Then missionaries from the West will be able to give themselves more completely to those types of service for which each one is specially fitted.

There are many beautiful things in Hinduism, but the fullest light is from Christ. . . . Hinduism has been digging channels. Christ is the water to flow through these channels.—*Sadhu Sundar Singh.*

VII. CHRISTIANS WHO COUNT

One of the most beautiful sections of India is the Malabar coast country, which lies to the far southwest. About fifty miles inland rise the high, wooded mountains which cut this section off from easy contact with the rest of India. Parallel with the coast and protected from the sea by a long neck of land are quiet backwaters, through which our little steamer slowly glides as we come to visit this land of tropical luxuriance. It is a veritable Garden of Eden, with its many little rivers, its great groves of cocoanut and banana palms, and pepper vines twined among the trees. Yet it is not the charm of the country which draws us here. It is the unique interest of some of its people, for this is the home of one of the oldest and most significant groups of Christians in the world.

In the summer of 1929 Christian Endeavorers came from all over America and beyond to Kansas City for a convention. A mighty and inspiring throng of twelve thousand assembled there. It was a great meeting. But every year about thirty thousand of these Malabar Christians gather in a mammoth palm-leaf pavilion in a dry river-bed for a religious convention. And bear in mind that, except as an invited guest, no missionary has anything to do with this convention. It was conceived and is every year conducted by the Indian church. Dr. Sherwood Eddy gives a vivid description of one of these conventions at which he was the principal guest and speaker:

"On the platform at our left are seated the white-robed priests of this ancient church, and upon raised seats on the right are the two bishops in their purple satin robes, with golden girdles and quaint head-dresses. One is of the old school, looking like the ancient Nestorian patriarch of Antioch. . . . The other is a young man, modern, keen, alert, whom we knew as a college student a dozen years ago, when he decided one night to give up his future ambition in the law and to enter Christian work. After completing his education in Canada, he returned to spend his life in vitalizing this ancient church in which he was born. In front of the platform in this great pavilion the Christians are seated. They have been gathering from hundreds of distant villages, coming up like the tribes of old to the Feast of Tabernacles at Jerusalem. All are clad in flowing white garments and are seated on the dry sand of the river-bed, the men on the right, the women on the left. As the people unite in intercession, you can hear a distant murmur rising gradually like the sound of the sea. A wave of prayer seems to sweep over the vast audience. The bishop leads in a last prayer, and we begin the morning's address. . . . They are turning back to the primitive and simple Christianity of the early days, with an open Bible, fervent prayer, and simple witnessing to the glad news of abundant life. Here is an ancient Indian church, using its own forms of worship and expressing Eastern methods of devotion."

Let me tell you a little of the romantic story of these Malabar Christians. They call themselves Mar Thoma Christians, the Saint Thomas Christians, because they believe that the Apostle Thomas himself founded their church. It is certain that long before Augustine and his little band of missionaries came to England in 597 A. D., Christian missionaries from Palestine had sailed across the Indian Ocean with their message of hope and joy and had founded a church.

Alfred the Great heard about these St. Thomas Christians. In 883 A. D. he sent an embassy all the way from England to India "bearing the alms which the King had vowed to send—to India, to St. Thomas, and to St. Bartholomew." The embassy "penetrated with great success to India and brought thence many foreign gems and aromatic liquors." So you can read in the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle. At the time when Alfred the Great sent his embassy, the Mar Thoma Christians were in great favor with the rajah of the land. They had been given the standing of a high caste in the community and had settled down to a self-contained life much like that of the Hindu castes. Their worship was in the language of Syria, which few of them understood. Hence it had become to most of them a dead form. Under these circumstances it was not strange that they sank into a sort of sleep for several centuries, until they were violently aroused by the coming of the Portuguese to Calicut in 1498.

Imagine the surprise and delight of the Portuguese when they discovered among the strange brown people of India a large body of Christians! And imagine the delight of the Indian church in having powerful fellow-Christians from across the seas to encourage and help them! But the joy on both sides was short-lived. The Mar Thoma Christians followed the ritual of the Eastern church and owned allegiance to an Eastern patriarch. This made them heretics to the Portuguese, who thought that the only true faith was that of the Roman Catholic church. The Portuguese at once set about to convert them to Rome, but these Indian Christians were obstinate enough to hold to their own ways. Then the Portuguese, through a clever archbishop, undertook to compel them to obey. Three bishops of the Indian church were tortured to death through the Inquisition, and the simple Malabar Christians were brought to outward submission which lasted for fifty years. But when one more of their bishops was arrested, their smouldering resentment broke into open revolt.

Great crowds of them gathered at the sacred Croonen Cross and there swore never more to have anything to do with Rome. All could not touch the cross as they swore this oath, therefore long ropes were attached to it; and they held these ropes as they together took the solemn vow which, as they well knew, might bring upon them fierce persecution by the Portuguese. It was a declaration of independence which took fully as much courage as that of the American colonies. Not all the Mar Thoma Christians joined in this declaration; indeed, about two-thirds of them still recognize the Pope. But there are now about three hundred thousand members in the churches which then broke from the Roman yoke.

They did not become a strong church at once. Indeed they clung to their old ways until a few decades ago. Then, under the influence of a Church of England mission that had come among them at the invitation of their *metran,* or bishop, a reform movement started. Whole congregations decided that they wanted to worship and read the Bible in their own language. New life came into the church. Those who held to the old ways objected. Again there were persecutions. A bitter conservative killed a liberal preacher. A court decision took all their church property away from the reformers. That was a hard blow, but they immediately set to work to build new churches. Then they established some fine schools in which to train their leaders. After a time, they began to feel that they could not be a truly Christian church unless they interested themselves in the outcaste people who lived all about them, so they started a home missionary society which grew until it now has about sixty home missionaries. They also saw that they owed a debt to India as a whole. Consequently they started a foreign mission far away in another part of India, where their representatives are struggling with a strange language, eating strange food, and living among people of strange customs.

The reforming Mar Thoma church has only about a hundred and twenty thousand members, and most of them are not rich, but their faith has come to mean so much to them that they are ready to sacrifice in order to give it to others. The women give a little out of every day's food supply for their missionary society. When a daughter is married, the church receives a tenth of her dowry. These Indian Christians have invented all sorts of devices to stimulate giving, and are probably far more generous in their support of churches and missions than we Americans are.

When I was their guest, one of them pointed out to me the place in the mountains near which a Mar Thoma Christian had worked. It was the Rev. W. K. Kuruvilla, who left his friends and went up to live among the wild tribe of primitive people called Arayans, whose villages lie in this region. These people lived a life so low as to be little above the animal. They had known nothing of cleanliness or of education until this man came. He went into their homes and with his own hands showed them how to cook. In every way he shared their life and helped them, until thousands became Christian and their whole level of life was raised. To me, Mr. Kuruvilla is a prophecy of what these able, intelligent Mar Thoma Christians, with their ancient, picturesque Christianity and their new spirit, may do for India. They bring to their countrymen no new-fangled foreign religion, but one which has been tried and tested for many centuries. It has carried them through bitter persecution, and today it means more to them than ever before. I shall never forget the look of high determination on the fine face of young Bishop Abraham when he said to me, "Our church has a mission to all of India, and we must carry it out." The more conservative Syrian Christians are catching something of this spirit. It is a happy augury that the different bodies of Syrian Christians are coming closer together in sympathy and in cooperation.

But the Mar Thoma church furnishes only a part of India's five million Christians. Many others are actively at work bringing Christ into India's new life. The Church of England has a membership in India of about three hundred thousand. From the diocese of Tinnevelly, which is its oldest mass movement area, have come hundreds of Christian workers, among them the Bishop of Dornakal, about whom I shall have more to say later. The South India United Church is a union of Congregational, Presbyterian, and Reformed churches of several missions. Each had to sacrifice something of its own in order that they could all agree to unite. The result is a church strong in numbers, with about two hundred thousand members, and great in spirit. Their coming together gave all its members new heart. They said, "Now that we are united, we must together start a great evangelistic campaign." And they did. They took as their motto, "Each one teach one and each one reach one." Of course not all of them carried out the motto, but many, including ignorant village Christians, did go out and did win others. In some places they started new mass movements. In one mission they added a third to the church membership in ten months. There is one village congregation which through its own efforts added to its membership in a single Sunday one hundred and twenty-three men and women from fourteen different castes.

Urged on by the same desire to express the spirit of brotherhood through union, Congregational and Presbyterian churches from all over North India have formed the North India United Church which has a membership about equal to that of its sister church in the south. This spirit of union is contagious. For some years representatives of the Church of England and the Wesleyan church have been holding conferences with the leaders of the South India United Church to see whether all of these bodies could not unite. It is a very difficult matter to reconcile the point of view of those who emphasize a historic priesthood in the church with that of those who believe in a freer ministry. Often these conferences have seemed about to break on this rock, but in the end, largely because of the determination of Indian Christian leaders and because of the beautiful spirit of prayer and mutual appreciation shown in these conferences, a basis of possible union has been formulated and put before these churches. Whether or not they accept it, this much is already sure: the Indian Christian church has gone further than any other in the world in the great project of finding a basis of union between Christians of so widely different background. They are blazing a new trail.

One of the reasons for the new enthusiasm of the Indian church is the fact that a Christian hymnology has been developed in Indian musical forms. Indians love music. The men sing as they drive their bullock carts, and the women sing as they grind the grain. Musical services of different types are very popular among Hindus. The church is but claiming its Indian heritage when it casts into ancient and popular melody forms, not only hymns of worship and praise but also whole passages from the Bible. It is now becoming a not uncommon sight to see Indian Christians who have been working all day out in the fields, gather in the evening at their rest-house with their queer drums and cymbals and sing hymns for hours together. The Christians of India are beginning to march in companies to attend their great gatherings in the manner that the Hindus have always gone on pilgrimage, singing as they pass through the villages along the road. I saw one group who, with flags over their shoulders, tramped one hundred and fifty miles, much of the way through strange country, in order to attend a Christian festival. All over India we are beginning to have a church which expresses itself in warm, Oriental ways.

Indian Christians are also awakening to a desire to take the principal responsibility for the Christian program. They share the nationalistic aspirations of their country. A live problem in missionary work in India as elsewhere is what is called devolution, that is, the transfer of responsibility from foreign missions to national churches. Missionaries and Indian leaders all over India are working hard on this problem. Everywhere Indian Christians and Indian churches are carrying more and more of the responsibilities formerly borne by missionaries, leaving the missionary free to be an adviser and cooperator rather than a director. The process of adjustment is sometimes difficult, but the result is, as we have already shown in previous chapters, a great development in the spirit and effectiveness of the work.

Indian Christians of many denominations have for a generation conducted the National Missionary Society, which is a very successful effort to spread Christianity through Indian missionaries, Indian management, and Indian money. This society now maintains six growing missions in different parts of India.

Typical of the initiative shown by some of the younger Indian leaders today is the development of the Union Christian College at Alwaye. This was started in 1922 and has already demonstrated its success. It has the support of Travancore State, in whose territory it lies, and of the various church bodies of Travancore, as well as that of personal friends both Indian and European. But it is primarily an Indian enterprise. It is the result of the vision and devotion of a group of young Christians who banded themselves to serve their country, taking a bare living wage and throwing themselves wholeheartedly into the work. Something of the spirit of this college is shown by the fact that, even in these first years of great difficulty and struggle, they have taken time and strength to found a settlement for the outcaste children of Alwaye. Principal Varki and his fellow-enthusiasts in this work are making a great contribution to India.

India has produced many great Christian leaders. None are more wonderful than Pandita Ramabai, the converted Brahman widow who became the greatest friend of Indian fallen women and won hundreds of them to a better life in her great Christian institution. There have been men in the Christian church who have taken high positions in the life of the country, men like the fine Indian rajah, Sir Harnam Singh, and the great political leader, Kali Charan Bannerjea. I have selected four typical Christian leaders of India to whom I want especially to introduce you.

The first is one of whom you have already heard, the Right Reverend Samuel Azariah, Bishop of Dornakal. When he was made a bishop at thirty-eight years he had already done remarkable service to India. This most attractive Indian was born in a humble Christian home. His first name was a symbol of the simple religious devotion of his parents. Even in high school the boy Samuel was marked by his courageous Christian leadership. After finishing college he became a Y.M.C.A. secretary and was associated with Dr. Sherwood Eddy in the conduct of religious meetings for students all over India. His was an ardent spirit that longed to see the Indian church playing a larger part in winning the land for Christ. He was a moving force in the founding of the National Missionary Society, became its first secretary, and started it on the road to its present success.

His Tinnevelly fellow-Christians caught something of his spirit, and under his leadership started a mission in the Telugu language area, although their own language was Tamil. To this mission area, with Dornakal as its center, they sent seven missionaries. The work prospered. Before long there were thousands of Christians. For the better care of these new converts the Church of England in 1912 took the forward step of making this devoted Indian missionary the Bishop of Dornakal. In his new position he has stimulated the churches to express themselves in many effective Oriental ways; he has founded a vocational boarding-school adapted to rural needs, he has continued his inspiring ministry to Christian and non-Christian. His diocese now contains fifteen hundred village schools and a Christian community of one hundred and fifty thousand, of whom four thousand were newly enrolled as the result of one week's effort by the people. There are several English missionaries in the diocese who are glad to work under the direction of this Indian leader.

The National Christian Council of India, Burma and Ceylon, an organization which embraces practically all the missions and churches of India, except those of the Roman Catholics and some of the Syrian Christians, has recently chosen the Bishop of Dornakal as its chairman. It was a proud and prophetic day for many of us foreign missionaries when in 1929 we elected this great Indian as our head.

The second Indian Christian whom I want to make known to you is my former neighbor and friend, the late Narayan Vaman Tilak. Tilak was a Brahman of brilliant ability. One could guess his genius from his remarkable, long, dome-like head. He seemed almost Western in his quick, impetuous movements, and he was frank to say that he thought India must learn much from the West. Yet one outstanding fact about him was his love for his country. As a boy it surged up in him as a great impulse, and in later life he wrote, "I don't think I have loved my own parents, wife, children, friends, even myself, as much as I love my country."

He was a boy in his later teens when a friend's sister lost her husband. She was only a young girl and had scarcely seen this husband, for they had been married as small children and had never lived together; yet by Indian custom this girl was to be condemned for the rest of her days to the dreary life of an Indian widow. Tilak saw clearly that the custom of child-marriage and the dooming of innocent girl widows to a life-long agony was a great wrong. It was one of the customs that had to be abolished if his country was to become great. So he quietly offered to marry this girl widow. Thus would he strike a blow for the good of his country. Well he knew that he would be bitterly persecuted and thrown out of his home if he did such a thing, but he had an eager boldness in reform that almost welcomed suffering. In this case the girl herself refused to consider such a break from custom; but in his offer, young Tilak had shown his character.

He early saw that the caste system must be reformed and that the reformation must begin with religion, since caste and other evils were rooted in Hinduism. Because Hinduism did not seem to Tilak to furnish a possible basis for national union, he set out to found a new religion which might save India. In this religion the brotherhood of man was to have a place beside the Fatherhood of God. As he was working out this plan, he chanced to meet a European on a railroad journey. They talked of religion, and this unknown man finally said to Tilak something like this: "The religion which you want for India is the very one which Jesus taught nineteen hundred years ago. Here is a New Testament. Will you read it?" Tilak smilingly promised to do so, thinking little of the matter. But when he began to read, he became deeply interested. Later he told what the result was when he came to the Sermon on the Mount. We are so used to Christ's teaching that for us it often loses its beauty and becomes almost commonplace. To Tilak it came with the freshness of a great revelation. He said, "I could not tear myself away from those sentences, so full of charm and beauty, which express the love and tenderness and truth which the sermon conveys. In those three chapters I found answers to the most abstruse problems of Hindu philosophy. It amazed me to see how here the most profound problems were completely solved. I went on eagerly reading to the last page of the Bible, that I might learn more of Christ."

Tilak had already earned a reputation as a great speaker and a writer of beautiful prose and verse. He began to express his Christian faith in his writings, and persecution began. He lost his position and was reduced to want, but his answer was to take the final step of baptism. This brought fiercer persecution. His wife took their baby boy and left him. His life was threatened. He was a man of very great affections and was terribly lonely; yet his very loneliness drove him to find his joy more completely in Christ's fellowship.

He began to write Marathi hymns, so beautiful in their language that educated Brahmans were eager to read them, and so full of the spirit of devotion that they brought inspiration even to the uneducated villagers. Tilak had the wonderful art of taking popular Indian tunes and of writing for them hymns that sang themselves right into the heart of the people. One day he saw a little group of my training-school boys sitting under a tree and singing a popular song whose words were filthy, as the words of too many of India's popular songs are. Tilak's heart grew hot within him. These boys were being trained to bring the pure spirit of Christ into Indian life, yet here they were poisoning their thoughts with such a song! He rushed to his house, and under the pressure of strong feeling wrote off to that same tune a Christian hymn. Then he hurried back, found the boys still sitting under the tree, and taught them the new hymn. The boys took it up with enthusiasm. It was so attractive that soon it was being sung all over Western India. It is today one of the inspiring hymns in the Marathi language. Some years afterwards Tilak asked a Brahman friend if he remembered the original words to that tune. The Brahman thought a moment and answered, "The only words I know are those of your beautiful hymn."

After a time Mrs. Tilak consented to come to Ahmednagar to join her husband on condition that she might "keep caste" and should not be compelled to give up her Hindu faith. She was surprised and disarmed by the friendliness of the Christians about her. She says that what first made her think seriously of Christianity was the way the Christian boys played with her boy. They were not always quarreling and abusing each other, but played happily together. She said to herself, "Here is a religion that makes even the boys play more happily. I would like to have my boy grow up in such a religion." And gradually she herself became a Christian.

I cannot begin to tell you of all Tilak's services to India. He wanted to see a truly Indian Christianity and so helped to establish church festivals similar to those the people knew and loved. The reason the Christians in his part of India are ready to sing hymns for hours together and to walk many miles to attend Christian meetings is because they have Tilak's wonderful marching songs and hymns to sing on the way. His home was ever open to high-caste inquirers, and a goodly number of them became Christians after living with him. He edited a Christian newspaper. He inspired class after class of men who were going out to become Christian leaders. He taught Indian patriots that Christianity was "not a foreign religion, but a God-given way to save India."

In many ways Tilak raised the Christian church of

India to a higher level and gave it a warmer life and a richer message, but his greatest service was done through his beautiful hymns. No translation of his poetry does it justice. It is the response of the heart of India to her Christ.

The next man to whom I want to introduce you is also a neighbor and friend of mine, but different in almost every way from Tilak, the high-born patriot and poet. His name is Rambhau and he is a neighbor because his village of Khandala is only eight miles from Ahmednagar. He often dropped in to see me, and I frequently went out to see him. Rambhau was only a simple village Christian, rugged of body but with a serious impediment in his speech, and knowing little beyond his neighborhood. His modest little home was right in the middle of the *maharwada,* or outcaste quarter. It was in such degrading surroundings that he had grown up. As a boy he had attended the village school; occasionally a native pastor or a missionary had held a religious service among his people; beyond this, few of the higher influences had touched his life. Yet somehow this sturdy villager was not like the people around him.

Perhaps it was partly because a great sorrow had come into his life. Although he and his wife were a little more comfortably off than most in the outcaste quarter and could have given children a better chance, no children had come to bless their home and carry on their name. They were heart-broken, but decided that they would adopt a child. Their choice was strange and novel; they took as their adopted child the Khandala church. It was a very unattractive little church, with no enthusiasm and no warmth of life. In fact it was almost dead. Yet in his steady, common-sense way Rambhau started to nurse it to life again. First he set about to see that the little Christian school should be made a success. The teacher was rather careless and lazy, and the school had run down so far that there was talk of closing it. Rambhau encouraged the teacher by bringing in pupils. He also, in a kindly way, kept him up to the mark. There was a demand for a night school, but they had no clock and no lamp. A day school could work by the sun, but a night school needed a clock. Rambhau, out of his limited funds, secured both lamp and clock and got the night school under way. The teacher became ill, and it was this simple villager who nursed him and saw that his family was kept from all want during his sickness.

Next Rambhau started what was for him a large project, nothing less than to get for his village a worthy building which they could use for a church. He induced all the Christians of Khandala to give a few days' work in the off season. He himself gave all his time and whatever money was needed for the work until the foundations were all laid and the mud walls built. Then he came to me and said, "Sahib, we need a church building in Khandala. We have built the walls, but we haven't money enough to build the roof. Can you help us?" I helped him to secure a small sum, and he went off triumphant. By shrewd buying and careful work, he put a thoroughly good roof on the little church, as he lovingly called the structure.

To the dedication he invited people from all the region, and when they knew that he was planning to give them a simple feast, you may be sure that they hastened to accept. Bands of Christians came from far and near. As each band approached, some of the Khandala Christians went out to meet it, singing and swaying their bodies in time with the music. Then all together they came back, singing as they came. Of course there were speeches. Altogether it was a memorable and inspiring occasion in the little village and in all the region. In fact it resulted in the opening of Christian work in two other villages.

By this time Rambhau's child was very much alive, but the dedication had shown him one great blemish. The Khandala church had no singing-band with instruments, such as some of the other village churches had. So Rambhau went to work. First he collected a very respectable sum from the poor Khandala Christians. Then he trudged in to see me to talk the matter over. Gladly I made up the little amount he still needed, and he went back to Khandala with a set of native instruments. He himself could not sing, but soon he invited me to an evening service, where I was filled with wonder. Those unlettered villagers in a few weeks had learned perhaps thirty of Mr. Tilak's inspiring hymns. After a hard day of work in the fields they came to the little church, and sang and sang and sang for hours.

One day when I was in Khandala I was surprised to see a man in the most advanced stage of leprosy huddled in a corner of the church. "Who is that?" I asked.

Rambhau replied, "That is Bapu, a Christian of Khandala. He has been in a leper asylum, but became lonesome for his village and so has crawled here and is living in the church."

"But he ought not to live there," I said, and Rambhau agreed with me.

Some weeks later he came to see me. "Sahib, do you remember Bapu, the leper?"

"Yes," I said. "Where is he now?"

"He is living in a hut I built for him. I take him his meals every day. My wife threatens to leave me because I am going to a leper, and she is afraid that I will bring the disease home, but what can I do? Somebody must take care of Bapu."

"You are doing just the right thing, Rambhau," I said.

"But," he continued, "now Bapu wants to go back to the leper asylum where he can have regular care, and I don't know what to do about it."

"I'll pay his fare," I said, "but it would be hard for me to leave my work to take him."

Rambhau was silent for some time, then he looked up and said quietly, "I'll take him," and he did.

I ordered a special railroad compartment, for of course Bapu could not be allowed to travel with others in a regular car. He was almost helpless now, and, with all his loathsome disease, Rambhau had to lift him into the cart that brought him from Khandala to Ahmednagar and into the compartment in which those two were to travel for hours together. As I waved them off at the station I was awed at the quiet Christian heroism of this uneducated villager. Any man, however brave, might well shrink from such a journey with such a companion, but Rambhau carried it through. People refused them water. No cartman could at first be induced to take them from the train to the asylum, but by patience and persistence he succeeded in getting this poor leper to the shelter where he might end his days with some degree of comfort.

Again some weeks later Rambhau came to Ahmednagar. "I am off to see Bapu," he said. "Before I left him at the asylum, he made me promise to come back to visit him." He saw the surprise in my face, and his own lighted up when he added, "You see, I cannot desert him. He is my Christian brother."

And so this son of an Indian outcaste quietly set out on a long and expensive journey to visit Bapu, the repulsive leper, because he was his Christian brother! And I, for one, am sure that when the King shall come in his glory and all the angels with him, among the first to whom he will say, "Come, thou blessed of my father," will be Rambhau, the village Christian of Khandala who adopted the church as his child.

Of all the races of India, the Sikh of the Punjab is the most striking in appearance. Tall, straight, light-complexioned, with his carefully trained black beard and his high turban, the typical Sikh is every inch a soldier and a gentleman. The Sikh sect grew out of a religious reform, but persecution soon welded its members into a powerful fighting machine. For many generations, by instinct and tradition, they have been fighters. Sundar Singh, the next Indian Christian friend whom we are to meet, was born in a Sikh home of wealth. Many of his relatives were soldiers. Singh is a common Sikh name meaning lion. Sundar Singh has carried into his Christian life the fearlessness of a lion, but none of its fierceness.

From his mother, Sundar inherited the deepest religious instincts and longings of India. She was his earliest teacher and led him to regard the life of the *sadhu,* or saint, as his highest ambition. He playfully says of himself, "I was not a Sikh, but a seeker-after-truth." When he was only fourteen years old, he suffered an overwhelming loss in the death of his mother. This drove him to be even more eager in his search for truth. He learned by heart the Bhagavad Gita, the most beautiful Hindu religious book. He read the Sikh Granth and the Mohammedan Koran, but in none of them did he find the peace he sought.

As a little boy he had come to know something about the Bible, because he had gone to the Christian school in his home village, but he had turned against Christianity as a faith which was contrary to the religion of his fathers, and had refused to remain in the Christian school. Of his attitude when he was sixteen years old he says: "When I was out in any town I got people to throw stones at Christian preachers. . . . In the presence of my father I cut up the Bible and other Christian books and put kerosene oil upon them and burnt them. I thought this was a false religion and tried all I could to destroy it. I was faithful to my own religion, but I could not get any satisfaction or peace."

But the message of the Bible and of the Christian preachers had made a deeper impression on him than he knew. One day in the very midst of his hatred, Christ called him as he had called Paul. This is his story of what happened, taken from *The Message of Sadhu Sundar Singh*, by Streeter and Appasamy.

"I woke up about three o'clock in the morning, had my usual bath, and prayed, 'O God, if there is a God, wilt thou show me the right way, or I will kill myself.' My intention was that, if I got no satisfaction, I would place my head upon the railway line when the five o'clock train passed by and kill myself. If I got no satisfaction in this life, I thought I would get it in the next. I was praying and praying, but got no answer;

and I prayed for half an hour longer, hoping to get peace. At 4: 30 A.M. I saw something of which I had no idea at all previously. In the room where I was praying, I saw a great light. I thought the place was on fire. I looked round, but could find nothing. Then the thought came to me that this might be an answer that God had sent me. Then as I prayed and looked into the light, I saw the form of the Lord Jesus Christ. It had such an appearance of glory and love. If it had been some Hindu incarnation I would have prostrated myself before it. But it was the Lord Jesus Christ whom I had been insulting a few days before. I felt that a vision like this could not come out of my own imagination. I heard a voice saying in Hindustani, 'How long will you persecute me? I have come to save you; you were praying to know the right way. Why do you not take it?' So I fell at his feet and got this wonderful peace which I could not get anywhere else. This is the joy I was wishing to get. . . . When I got up, the vision had all disappeared; but although the vision disappeared, the peace and joy have remained with me ever since. I went off and told my father that I had become a Christian. He told me, 'Go and lie down and sleep; why, only the day before yesterday you burnt the Bible; and you say you are a Christian now!' I said, 'Well, I have discovered now that Jesus Christ is alive and have determined to be his follower.' "

Sundar's family used every influence in their power to turn the boy from Christianity. They offered him wealth. They appealed to him not to disgrace the family name. They threatened him. They persecuted him. Finally, when all their efforts had failed, they disowned him and ordered him to leave home. Some of them even gave him poisoned food for the journey. He was only a boy, and the first night after he was sent away from home he spent alone, shivering under a tree. In telling about this night he says, "I began to think: 'Yesterday and before that I used to live in the midst of luxury at my home; but now I am shivering here, and hungry and thirsty and without shelter, with no warm clothes and no food.' I had to spend the whole night under the tree. But I remember the wonderful joy and peace in my heart, the presence of my Savior. I held my New Testament in my hand. I remember that night as my first night in heaven."

Sundar was soon baptized and, boy though he was, he set out on his life as a Christian *sadhu.* This meant that he donned a saffron robe like that worn by the Hindu holy men, and went about among the villages of India preaching and teaching. He took no money and no possessions save his Bible. When people received him he accepted their hospitality. Where they rejected him he went hungry away, to sleep under some tree. At first he worked mainly in the villages of the Punjab, but after a time he felt called to do what he could to reach the hermit nation of Tibet. Tibet had practically no Christian missionaries. It was protected in part by its mighty mountain ramparts, but more by the fanaticism of its people. Sundar thought that an Indian *sadhu* might find entrance where a white-skinned missionary could not, and in this he was right.

In his missionary work in far distant places Sundar Singh has endured many privations and suffered many persecutions. The beautiful spirit in which he takes persecution is no small part of his power. An educated gentleman of the Forest Department who belonged to the Arya Samaj, which is bitterly hostile to Christianity, tells of seeing Sundar come to a mountain village and begin preaching the love of Christ. Some of the hearers became angry, and one rose and dealt the *sadhu* a blow which knocked him from his seat and cut his head and hand badly. Sundar rose, bound up his hand, and with the blood running down his face, asked God's blessing on his persecutors. This act of his won not only the man who dealt the blow, but also the one who described the scene.[1] It is one of the crowning joys of Sundar Singh's life that his old father before he died became a Christian.

Soon the fame of this young Christian went out over the land, and he began to receive invitations from far and near. He traveled all over India. Great crowds of people thronged to hear him wherever he went. And probably no other man has done more to win non-Christians to Christ than Sundar Singh. Christians, young and old, have drunk in his words with such eagerness as they have never before shown. They see in him a true Indian holy man, yet they realize that in him there is something higher than they ever saw in Hindu devotees. There is a new note of victory and of joy in his message. There is a sweetness and love in the way he gives himself to his service which is unique and well-nigh irresistible. In a word, he is a true follower of Christ. Hindus and Christians alike see God's spirit in him.

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[1] See *A Lover of the Cross*, by Zahir, page 14.

As his fame grew, Sundar Singh was invited to go to China and Japan. These lands have ever looked to India for religious inspiration, and they turned eagerly to this simple-hearted disciple. Here also great throngs came to him and gained inspiration, even as they had done in India.

In the spring of 1921 the call came to Sundar Singh to bring his message to England and to America, and he accepted. It was a wonderful experience for our practical, workaday, Western Christians to meet such a man. In his turban and his saffron robe, his feet clad in Indian sandals, his spare, erect figure of extraordinary dignity and his face filled with divine light, I saw him at Silver Bay with American college students grouped about him, eagerly asking him questions which he was answering out of the richness of his Christian experience. It reminded me of the time, shortly before, when I had seen him in Madura surrounded by a similar group of Indian students. Anyone who ever met him has recognized that this Indian Christian had a message of joy and inspiration not only for India, not only for China and Japan, but for England and America as well. The hardships to which Sundar Singh subjected himself, and his prodigal self-giving in his missionary journeys, undermined his health. In spite of physical disability his beautiful Christian experience continued to find expression in his writing, and he traveled about India, giving his message as his strength permitted. In the summer of 1929 he went again on a mission to Tibet and since then no word of him has been received. The church in India and his many friends around the world are in deep anxiety lest he may have fallen a victim either of sickness or of persecution. If so, we may be sure that he met whatever came with sweetness and serenity, and that to the end he was a tireless and persuasive witness to the Master.

In men and women such as these the spirit of India speaks to us—the spirit of India transfigured by the spirit of Christ. As we catch something of the beauty and meaning of their message, I believe that we shall begin to realize more vividly than ever before how rich may be their gifts to the great common store of the world. We shall look with new hope down the vistas of the future to that great day when East and West shall be united through Christ into one great fellowship of mutual service and mutual love.

WORD LIST

Note on Pronunciation.—As a general rule it may be said that in the Indian languages the vowels are pronounced in the Italian manner rather than the English: i.e., like the vowels in *do, re, mi, fa* of the musical scale. For example, whenever an *a* appears, the reader will know that it generally carries the sound of *a* in *father.* There is also a short *a* often found at the close of a word and sometimes elsewhere, which is pronounced like the *a* in *aboard.* Indian languages have no flat *a* as in *at.* The *u* is pronounced like the *ou* in *soup.* As to consonants, *j* is usually soft; *g* hard. Many Indian words have an aspirated letter usually rendered as *bh, dh, th,* etc., and given an explosive pronunciation like the *bh* in *abhor.* Strong accent upon one or more syllables of a word is not so common in the Indian languages as in English. Each syllable is given very nearly the same weight. In this book spellings have been used which give as nearly as possible the equivalent sounds in English. In the case of important exceptions, or when other problems are presented, the list here given supplies a phonetic form. For place names, a pronouncing gazetteer should be consulted.

Aji (*ahd-jee*). Grandmother.

Amma. Mother.

Anna. An Indian coin, one-sixteenth of a rupee, worth a little more than two cents.

Are (*ah-ray*). An exclamation.

Atia-Patia. A popular team game that under varying names is played in most parts of India.

Avatar (*uv-ut-ar;* anglicized, see any dictionary). Incarnation of God.

Bande Mataram (*bun-day mat-rum*). "Hail to the Motherland."

Bapa. Father.

Bhagavad Gita (*bhug-a-vud gee-tah*). "The Lord's Song," a portion of one of the great Hindu epics, the Mahabharata.

Brahman. The priestly or highest caste of Hinduism. Also a member of that caste.

Chela (*chay-la*). Disciple.

Dhoter. A long strip of cloth worn by men in many parts of India as a garment for the lower part of the body.

Granth (*grunt*). The sacred scripture of the Sikhs.

Guru. Master.

Hadola. "The place of bones," a poor piece of land where the Mahars are supposed to deposit the bones of dead animals.

Inam. Hereditary estate.

Jai (*jye*). "Hail!" An exclamation expressing great honor.

Kaka. Uncle.

Kusti. Wrestling match.

Lama. A religious leader or holy man among Tibetan Buddhists.

Maharajah. A Hindu ruler of highest rank. The prefix "maha" means "great," and is attached to many words for emphasis.

Maharwada (*mahar-wada*). Outcaste quarter.

Mala (*muh-lah*). Irrigated garden.

Mantra (*mun-trah*). A sacred verse from the Hindu scriptures.

Metran. Bishop.

Nabob (*nay-bob*). A corrupt anglicized form of Nawab (see below), colloquially used to describe one who lives ostentatiously.

Nautch (*nawtch*). Dance.

Nawab (*nuh-wahb*). Governor of a province under the Mogul empire; now an honorary title conferred on Mohammedans.

Panchama (*pun-chum-mah*). The "fifth class," or outcastes.

Panchayat (*pun-chy-yat*). A village council originally consisting of five elders.

Pandita (*pun-dee-tah*). Feminine form of the word pundit—an interpreter of the Hindu scriptures.

Pariah (*pair-ee-ah*—anglicized). An outcaste.

Patil. Headman.

Piramalai Kallars (*pi-ru-mul-lai kul-lars*). A criminal tribe.

Rajah (*radg-ah*). A Hindu ruler or prince.

Rani (*rah-nee*). Wife of a rajah.

Raza (*ruz-zah*). Permission.

Rupee. An Indian coin worth about 37 cents.

Sadhu. A Hindu holy man.

Sahib. Master. Corresponds to the English "Mr."

Salaam (*suhl-lahm*). "Peace." The most common form of greeting, equivalent to How-do-you-do.

Samaj (*sum-maj*). A society.

Sari (*sah-ree*). Draped garment worn by women throughout India.

Sati (*sut-tee*). The burning of widows on the funeral pyres of their husbands, an ancient Hindu practice forbidden by law since 1829.

Satya Shodack Samaj (*sut-tya sho-duk sum-maj*). The Society of the Search for Truth.

Sepoy (*anglicized*). Soldier.

Seva Sadan (*say-vah sudden*). Home of Service.

Shastras. Hindu scriptures.

Sirkar. Government.

Uparana (*oop-uh-runnah*). A long scarf.

Wah. An exclamation.

Zenana. The women's quarters in a Hindu house.

READING LIST

This list is limited for the most part to include only easily available books of moderate price that have been published within the past ten years, and a few outstanding volumes of an earlier date.

Titles marked * are suggested as the nucleus of a small reference library for use by groups studying the Christian mission in India.

Historical

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MAKING OF MODERN INDIA, THE. N. Macnicol. Oxford University Press, New York. 1924. $2.50.

NATION IN MAKING, A. S. Banerjea. Oxford University Press, New York. 1925. $3.50.

OXFORD STUDENT'S HISTORY OF INDIA. V. A. Smith. Oxford University Press, New York. 1916. $1.35.

Political

INDIA. D. R. Bhandarkar, ed. Part II of Vol. CXLV of the Annals of the American Academy of Political and Social Science, Philadelphia. September 1929. $1.50.

INDIA AND THE WEST. F. S. Marvin. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. 1927. $2.75.

INDIA ON TRIAL. J. E. Woolacott. Macmillan Co., New York. 1929. $4.00.

* INDIAN COMMENTARY, AN. G. T. Garratt. Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith, New York. 1929. $2.75.

Social and Economic

* INDIA AND HER PEOPLES. F. Deaville Walker. Published in England. Available through the Missionary Education Movement, New York. 1929. 80 cents.

* LIVING INDIA. Savel Zimand. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. 1928. $3.00.

MY BROTHER'S FACE. D. G. Mukerji. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 1924. $3.00.

REMAKING OF VILLAGE INDIA, THE. F. L. Brayne. Oxford University Press, New York. 1929. $1.75.

THROUGH TEAKWOOD WINDOWS. E. Higginbottom. Fleming H. Revell & Co., New York. 1926. $1.25.

UNDERSTANDING INDIA. G. L. Williams. Coward-McCann, New York. 1928. $3.50.

Education

CHARACTER BUILDING IN KASHMIR. C. E. Tyndale-Biscoe. Church Missionary Society, London. 1920. 3/–.

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SCHOOLS WITH A MESSAGE IN INDIA. D. J. Fleming. Oxford University Press, New York. 1921. $2.40.

Indian Religions and Christianity

CHRISTIANITY AND SOME LIVING RELIGIONS OF THE EAST. Sidney Cave. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 1929. $2.00.

* INDIA AND ITS FAITHS: A Traveler's Record. J. B. Pratt. Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston. 1915. $4.00.

MODERN RELIGIOUS MOVEMENTS IN INDIA. J. N. Farquhar. Macmillan Co., New York. 1915. $2.50.

WORLD'S LIVING RELIGIONS, THE. Robert E. Hume. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 1924. $1.75

Christianity in India

BUILDING WITH INDIA. D. J. Fleming. Missionary Education Movement, New York. 1922. 75 cents.

CHRIST AT THE ROUND TABLE. E. S. Jones. Abingdon Press, New York. 1928. $1.50.

* CHRIST OF THE INDIAN ROAD, THE. E. S. Jones. Abingdon Press, New York. 1925. $1.00.

* CHRISTIAN TASK IN INDIA, THE. John McKenzie, ed. Macmillan Co., New York. 1929. $3.00.

INDIA IN THE DARK WOOD. N. Macnicol. Published in England. Available through Missionary Education Movement, New York. 1930. $1.00.

* INDIA LOOKS TO HER FUTURE. O. M. Buck. Friendship Press, New York. 1930. $1.00.

* INDIAN APPROACH TO INDIA, AN. By a Group of Nationals. Missionary Education Movement, New York. 1927. $1.25.

INDIAN OUTLOOK, THE: A Study in the Way of Service. W. E. S. Holland. Edinburgh House Press, London. 1926. 2/6.

NEIGHBOUR INDIA. A. R. Burr. Fleming H. Revell & Co., New York. 1929. $2.00.

"OUR ASIATIC CHRIST." O. M. Buck. Harper & Brothers, New York. 1927. $1.25.

OUT OF BONDAGE: Christ and the Indian Villager. Stephen Neill. Published in England. Available through Missionary Education Movement, New York. 1930. 80 cents.

STAR OF INDIA, THE. Isabel Brown Rose. Friendship Press, New York. 1930. $1.00.

UNDER HEADHUNTERS' EYES. A. C. BOWERS. Judson Press, Philadelphia. 1929. $2.00.

Biographies of Christian Indians

CHILDREN OF THE LIGHT IN INDIA. Biographies of noted Indian Christians. Mrs. A. Parker. Fleming H. Revell & Co., New York. 1929. $2.00.

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